SATURDAY NIGHT

THE STORY OF FOSTER HEWITT

by Gordon Sinclair

OTTAWA MAKES MONEY ON ELDORADO

WHEAT POOLING APOSTLE COMES BACK

JANUARY 5, 1952 VOL. 67, NO. 13

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
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BEHIND THE SCENES

NEXT ISSUE PREVIEW: Try a program for *winning* Olympics, writes BOBBIE ROSENFELD, *Globe and Mail* columnist and outstanding athlete for the half century. The poor showing of Canada will be continued unless a development plan is instituted. Bobbie Rosenfeld squarely fixes the blame for conditions, names names, outlines a plan for winning . . . FRANK LOWE, *Montreal Star* writer, discusses Montreal's vice clean-up, the significance of its happening now, the chances of its lasting . . . MICHAEL BARKWAY shows why we should process more of our own raw materials . . . A *Business* profile on a Vancouver man who parlayed a single truck selling hot dogs into a $300,000 operation . . . A *World of Women* story on how a Montreal socialite is making international fame as an interior decorator.

COVER: "He shoots—he scores!" might be the cry from FOSTER HEWITT in this typical picture of the ace hockey broadcaster. It's a cry that's been heard from coast to coast for many years in Canada. He has been on the air longer than anyone else in the radio business. To doubly justify his place before the "mike", Foster Hewitt now has his own radio station, Toronto's CKFH. But of all the jobs he's held down in radio, he's best known to millions as the Voice of Hockey, managing to convey perfectly to his listeners the excitement he himself feels about the thrilling sport. For Gordon Sinclair's story about him, see Page 7.—*Photo by Michael Burns.*

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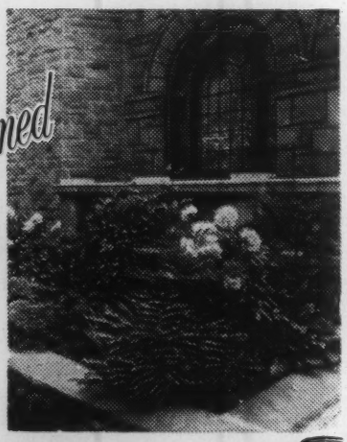

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OTTAWA VIEW

Some Political Shenanigans On Resale Price Maintenance

by Michael Barkway

AS THE DAYS pressed on towards Christmas MP's of all parties worried about when they would get home. Some of them had firmly packed up and quit the week-end before. But a good many —even from the farthest ends of the country—still stuck to the job.

Parliament had got itself into one of those situations, in which it wasn't really doing any good by protracting debate, but neither side was willing to give up. It's a situation which arises at the end of most sessions. There are always some Government measures, or the estimates of some departments, which the Government knows will start trouble. If they are introduced early in the session, the Opposition may go on talking and talking about them while other business is held up. The tried and trusted strategy in such cases is for the Government to hold these contentious measures back till very near the end of the session. Ministers calculate—and they are generally right—that Opposition members will then be much more anxious to get home than to prolong debate.

This time Christmas was a complicating factor. It set a more rigid deadline than the approach of hot weather at the end of a normal session. The Government probably thought it could rely on the approach of Christmas to dissipate opposition to the contentious measure to forbid resale price maintenance. This time it turned out to be wrong. A week before Christmas the PC's were still going strong, still promising—as they have done many times before—that they would not yield. And all those train reservations were being cancelled. It began to look as though the only way to end the debate and get a vote would be to apply the closure.

The closure is reputed to be a highly unpopular device. It means carrying a motion, which a Government majority could do any time, to limit speeches to twenty minutes, to prevent further amendments or adjournments and to force a vote—whether the debate is finished or not —the same night. When PM St. Laurent announced that he would apply a closure the first day the house reassembled after Christmas, the PC's were jubilant. They felt they had won a real victory in forcing the PM into using the traditionally unpopular measure. The Government ranks took a different view. They thought the PC's had shown they had little more to say about resale price maintenance, and that in the circumstances the closure would be regarded as a perfectly fair way to overcome obstruction.

Mr. St. Laurent's motion to continue the session after Christmas was a very neat tactical move. But obviously the Government could collect enough members from near Ottawa to keep going without too much inconvenience. The Cabinet and the parliamentary assistants would be nearly enough. Reinforcements from nearby Ontario and Quebec would be available to answer an overnight call. Western and Maritime members needn't be greatly bothered. Not so easy for the PC's to collect enough of their 47 members to make a decent showing.

Brought up against it like this, the Tories started wondering just what good they were doing. The minority, in the long run, must yield to the majority: a vote cannot be postponed indefinitely. As far as I could discover, there were two reasons for the great show of fight against the abolition of resale price maintenance.

THE FIRST arose quite directly from the way the Government handled the whole business. When Stuart Garson, the Minister of Justice, announced they'd have a committee instead of introducing legislation cold, most of the PC members had pretty open minds about it. Davie Fulton (Kamloops), the young, earnest lawyer who eventually led the battle, said afterwards that he expected to be confronted in the committee with definite evidence from the Combines Branch which would show that resale price maintenance was keeping prices up. He and the other PC's insist that they weren't given such evidence.

Something else happened in the committee. The Opposition members felt they were being "railroaded". This got their backs up. Certainly Jimmy Sinclair (Lib. Coast-Capilano), as chairman, hustled things along: in his own nice phrase: "I did what I could to expedite the business." After all this hustle the committee reported on December 7. The legislation was introduced the next Monday, December 10. But it wasn't called for second reading (the main debate) until December 17. This made the Conservatives mad. One of them said the debate would have been over in a few days if the Government hadn't tried this manoeuvre of leaving it till the bitter end.

The other thing in their minds was that, for all the talk about the committee hearings, there was precious little sign in Ottawa that the general public had caught on to what the fuss was about. But 75,000 retailers knew very well, and many of them were good and sore at the Government.

The Government, of course, had been in a dilemma ever since it set up the committee. Either it must permit what Davie Fulton, Donald Fleming, Ellen Fairclough and the rest of the PC's would have called a "full examination"; or else it must

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

CRITIC'S LIFE IS HAPPY

FIRST-NIGHTER REMINISCENCES

by B. K. Sandwell

LOOKING through my diary of fifty years ago the other day I came across the entry of my first assignment as a dramatic critic in Canada. For most of the fifty years between that date and the present I have been a deadhead frequenter of the theatre, and for nearly all of the time that I was a deadhead frequenter I was also able to go away and set down for publication what I thought of the show. There are people who have told me that the obligation to set down what they thought of it would spoil the show for them; it never did for me, and to tell the truth the fact that I was going to be able to say what I thought of it has often reconciled me to sitting through some pretty dull performances. The life of a critic appeared to me then, and appears to me today, one of the happiest lives that a man can live.

The theatre in which I performed my first assignment no longer exists. It was the old Academy of Music in Montreal, then standing on the site now occupied by the western part of Eaton's Montreal store. It was not the most modern theatre in the city, for His Majesty's Theatre had already been erected on Guy Street, but that was considered too far west for the general public, and anyhow it had not been lined up by the New York syndicate people and was not booking standard road shows. The Academy of Music was a nice little theatre, not as old as the Royal, a really lovely old-style house away down town which was then and for many years after devoted to burlesque, but old enough to date from the time when the word "theatre" was never employed in the title of a building erected for the presentation of stage plays: "Theatre" was supposed to have a connotation of immorality, from which a place calling itself the Such-and-such Museum, the So-and-so Opera House, or the This-or-that Music Hall was exempt. (The corresponding establishment in Toronto was of course the Grand Opera House.) It was thought that religious people might go to an Opera House, even though the performance could by no stretch be called an opera; and the fact that the older houses, all of which had been called theatres, were rapidly declining to burlesque may have added to the disrepute of the older name.

THE SHOW, which I well remember, was a dramatization of a romantic novel, probably by Stanley Weyman, called "A Gentleman of France" and included a display of swordsmanship in which the hero disposed of half-a-dozen presumably less skilled fencers all at once. The leading performer was an able and extremely good-looking actor of the type then called "matinée hero", because it could draw large audiences of the fair sex to the Wednesday and Saturday afternoon performances. The type still exists but flourishes today in the cinema, where it draws large houses of the same kind but without any special reference to the time of day. His name was Kyrle Bellew, and he died about ten years later; he had attained a considerable measure of fame as leading man to Mrs. Brown-Potter, who will be better remembered by old theatre-goers as Cora Urquhart Potter, a notable star in the "Lady of Lyons" type of drama. She was not with him on this occasion.

The Academy was at the moment conducting a feud with the Montreal *Herald*, whose staff I had recently joined, and was inserting in all its programs a note to the effect that "This theatre does not advertise in the Montreal *Herald*." In these circumstances the *Herald's* critic was naturally not being supplied with free seats, and as the *Herald* management was not magnanimous about expense accounts I went alone and sat in the balcony. (The management would have liked me to sit in the top gallery, but I represented to it that that would hardly give me a fair enough view of the performances to base a criticism on.) Incidentally, outside of London and New York I do not suppose that I have sat in a theatre balcony fives times in my life; when the seats were free I was always in the stalls, and when I paid for them I was usually in the top gallery.

I HAVE no idea what the feud between the theatre and the paper was about, since it originated before I arrived in Montreal, but I have a faint suspicion that my predecessor may not have been an awfully good critic, and that the theatre may have had some justification. Anyhow the feud died away before I had been criticizing for more than a couple of months, and for the rest of my journalistic career in Montreal I was always on the best of terms with theatre managements. The only time the Jacobs and Sparrow people got mad at me was when they thought I was unduly kind to "independent" attractions such as the presentations of Mrs. Fiske. It may be of interest to add that my salary on the *Herald* at that time as morgue reporter and exchange editor was ten dollars a week, and that it was raised to twelve dollars when I added the function of dramatic critic; but it is also true that I used to get an excellent three-course-and-coffee lunch for 25 cents cash or 20 cents with a book of tickets, at a restaurant near the court house largely patronized by the younger lawyers, and that a half-bottle of imported French wine could be had for another 20 cents.

One of the pleasant features of theatre-going in those days was the fact that one could slip out between the acts and imbibe a drink at the adjacent bar—there was always a bar adjacent to every theatre—in company with one's fellow-critics and some of the regular first-nighters. The

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

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EDITORIALS

Outlook for New Year Still Promises Growth

THERE COULD have been no more fully symbolic act to introduce the New Year than Mr. Abbott's announcement before Christmas that all foreign exchange controls have been abolished. This was an assertion of confidence in the strength of the Canadian economy which is far more than a gesture. From now on, the Canadian dollar has got to look after itself, and the value which the world puts on the Canadian dollar reflects the world's view of the outlook for Canada. The Government is sufficiently sure of the outlook to believe that the world will share its own estimate of our strength.

This reminder of the basic expansiveness of the Canadian economy is, we think, particularly appropriate at a time when there are obviously some squalls ahead. The difficulties of certain industries, coinciding with the seasonal trend in employment figures, is sure to bring more unemployment in the next couple of months than we had last year. Some durable goods may become harder to get before increased production of raw materials eventually increases supplies. It is pretty safe to prophesy that taxpayers, consumers, manufacturers and labor unions (overlapping categories) will all be uttering their distinctive groans and hurling their peculiar choice of abuse at the Government in the next few months.

They are fully entitled to do so. But we would hope that, behind the transient complaints of the moment, Canadians are mature enough to see the underlying growth which makes this country the envy of most of the world. If we realized this more fully two consequences would follow. We should grudge the defence program less than we do, because we would be more aware how much more we have to defend than most other countries. We should also be less inclined to blame the defence program for some of our superficial troubles which are inherent in the process of national expansion. Most of the inconveniences which Canadians will suffer in 1952 are little more than national growing pains.

The Vanishing "Dominion"

WE SYMPATHIZE with Mr. Eugene Forsey in his campaign against the elimination of the word "royal" from the titles of various Canadian governmental institutions. But we wish he had not mixed it up with a campaign for the retention of the term "Dominion", because there are some intelligible arguments against "Dominion", and none whatever against the term "royal" when used in proper circumstances.

The charge against "Dominion" is that it connotes a status of inferiority. It is a charge which might never have been made if it had not been for the unfortunate invention of the term "Dominion status" to describe what was unquestionably, when the term was invented and for some time thereafter, a status involving some degree of inferiority to that of Great Britain. (Even the Statute of Westminster, which abolished Dominion status by declaring the equal status of all the Commonwealth nations, was based on the Balfour declaration that they were equal in status but different in function, a declaration which is probably now as extinct as Dominion status itself, but which was obviously aimed at preserving some specialty of position for the United Kingdom.)

It is not claimed that the name Dominion *imposes* any inferiority on those nations to which it is applied, or even that it can be correctly interpreted as implying such inferiority. It is claimed merely that foreigners, who have been accustomed to seeing the term "Dominion status" used during many years in which it did definitely imply inferiority, are led to suppose that the word "Dominion" by itself still implies it. We think that the claim has some validity, and we rather expect, when the British North America Act is remodelled as a purely Canadian document, to see the word removed from its text. The current campaign of elimination is presumably intended to prepare the public mind for that eventuality. It is a pity that a word, entirely innocent in itself, and associated for many years with the growing national autonomy of Canada, should have to be sacrificed; but at least it is on an entirely different footing from the word "royal".

STILL WAITING UNDER THE MISTLETOE

The Edinburgh Festival

IN FIVE YEARS the Edinburgh Festival has built an international reputation for leadership in music, drama, ballet and art. It has done this by imaginative cooperation of the city, the Arts Council and public spirited citizens, a useful blending of state and private enterprise.

The recent visit of Mr. Ian Hunter, Artistic Director, to Montreal and Toronto focussed attention on the widespread interest in Canada in the Festival. There is an Edinburgh Festival Committee with headquarters in Montreal and subcommittees in Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary and Edmonton.

The Dominion Drama Festival has pioneered in providing theatrical leadership in Canada but so far nothing has been attempted to combine in one festival all the arts. The success of Edinburgh should be studied.

Lesson from the Ford Strike

THE Ford strike settlement marks the first unqualified victory that management has won in a labor dispute in a good many years. It would not be safe, however, to assume that this means the tide that has been running so long with labor and against capital, has turned. The Ford situation was exceptional in that the international head of the United Automobile Workers sided with the company and the Canadian union officials hurriedly surrendered without even seeking face-saving clauses.

Allowing however for the exceptional situation in Windsor, a victory for management is a noteworthy event in the trend of labor relations. For too many years in the past management was arbitrary. Then labor's turn came and union leaders learned new lessons in making the most of their sudden power. The fact that in the expansive times since the war, management has been able to pass the increased costs on to the public, added to labor's power. It is the section of the public neither within organized labor nor in management that has suffered.

There is no doubt that in recent years management generally has dropped the old arbitrary spirit. In the interests of all Canadians it is to be hoped that labor can learn to think not only of the pay cheque, but the work that must be done for the

pay cheque and the effect of every increased wage on the national economy. It is to be hoped that a new era of understanding will come in labor-management relations.

The Pacific Fishery

THE MINISTER of Fisheries, Mr. Robert Mayhew, is to be congratulated on the treaty which has been initialled with Japan and the United States for protecting the Pacific fisheries. For ten years Japan has agreed not to allow her fishermen to fish for salmon, halibut or herring east of the 175th longitude. Other species of fish must, of course, be open to fishermen from anywhere, because no other fish except these three are being conserved. The cause for excluding outside fishing boats from ocean waters outside territorial limits must, it seems to us, be based on the principle that the available fish are being exploited to the limit of their reproduction. This applies to salmon, halibut and herring, on which species the United States and Canada already limit the catch. It does not apply to any other species in these waters.

The Japanese agreement to avoid the waters of the U.S.-Canadian continental shelf is perhaps less important than the less-publicized rebuttal of an American claim which would have had very unfair effects on Canadian fishermen. The U.S. Government tried to exclude Canadian boats both from Alaskan waters and from the coastal waters of the Pacific west coast. It was not, apparently, ready to forbid its own boats the waters off the Canadian coast. Mr. Mayhew has successfully resisted this unreasonable suggestion, making the one concession that Canadian fishermen will not go after red salmon in the Bering Sea.

The situation, therefore, seems to be as satisfactory as a three-power treaty can make it. It does not provide any safeguard against fishing boats of other nations which may try to take the conserved fish within the limits from which Japan is excluded. The only country likely to step in where the Japanese fear to tread is Soviet Russia, and we don't blame Mr. Mayhew for not having brought them into the agreement.

Parliament's New Oil Expert

IT IS not particularly remarkable that the Conservatives should have held the Calgary West seat, which was occupied at one time by R. B. Bennett and for many recent years by the late Art Smith. The remarkable thing about the December by-election was that Mr. Carl Nickle won an even higher proportion of the votes than his very popular predecessor, and that the Conservative party was able to continue its recent record of bringing young, vigorous and knowledgeable men into its parliamentary ranks.

Mr. Nickle is now the recognized authority on the development of Western oil. His various oil publications circulate throughout North America and are accepted as the most reliable information published. It is not often that the House of Commons gets members with such expert knowledge on a subject so important to Canadian development. There are dangers in such expertness, but Mr. Nickle showed in his election campaign that he does not mean to confine himself to so narrow a front; and, at the age of 37, the experience gained in becoming an expert on one subject is a very good earnest of real competence in wider fields.

Mr. Nickle had experience of the work-camps of the depression thirties. He started his oil bulletins in 1937 with a capital of only $60, and he has had his share of the misfortunes as well as the good fortunes of business enterprise. It is, we believe, of considerable significance to Canada that the Conservative opposition should be strengthening its ranks with men like this, and we wholeheartedly welcome Mr. Nickle to Parliament.

Art Smith, who worked like a young man in the prime of health to help Mr. Nickle's election, will not see his successor enter the House of Commons. It is inevitable that memories of "Art" will surround the new member, because although he sat in the House only since 1945 he was an ebullient figure commanding the respect and affection of everyone around the Parliament Buildings. Art Smith was a great Calgarian, and he will be remembered as such far beyond his own province.

—Calgary Herald for CP

CARL NICKLE, M.P.

The Montreal Holiday Issue

THE violent controversy which has been raging in the Montreal newspapers about the action of various stores in opening on the day of one of the important Roman Catholic holidays of obligation has developed more heat than light. The day in question has recently been declared a compulsory holiday by the city authorities of Montreal, but there is grave question whether the city possesses any power to impose a compulsory closing in that manner, and many of the leading stores, on advice of their lawyers, decided to remain open. They have been violently criticized for discourtesy to the religion of the majority of the inhabitants of the city.

This seems somewhat illogical. If it was really disrespect to religion that was involved, it has been involved for a long time, and the cause for complaint existed not only on December 8 of this year, but on every December 8 of every year past for a century or two. You do not create a claim to respect for a religious institution merely by passing a bylaw. If on the other hand, as seems more reasonable, the grievance is for violation of a bylaw, adopted by the representatives of the majority, and if it is claimed in defence that the bylaw was not properly adopted, it is surely a simple matter to take it to the courts and get their decision.

The Film Board Scores

THE NATIONAL Film Board has been showing commendable originality. After its interesting development of third-dimensional films it has just released a feature-length film on the Royal visit using for the first time in feature production a new color process. The name of the process is not given but there is no doubt that the originators who were a little fearful of a credit, will be happy to have their name associated with this film.

It is the most vivid color we have seen in movies. The Film Board overcame technical difficulties to use it on news reel shots all across Canada. The film was kept at 50 degrees in special shipping containers cooled by dry ice from which it was taken 12 hours before use.

Royal Journey runs for 52 minutes and is going into first run movie theatres as a feature production. It is not only a pleasing record of the Princess and the Duke but imagination has been used in crowd shots and enough Canadian scenery is shown to provide a vivid projection of Canada. The bright commentary is spoken by eight well chosen voices.

Transmountain Pipeline

THE BOARD of Transport Commissioners, under its new chairman, Mr. J. D. Kearney, acted with unusual promptitude in approving the application of the Trans-Mountain Oil Pipe Line Company for permission to build a line from Edmonton to Vancouver through the Yellowhead Pass. The company sponsoring the project is supported by a group of oil companies; it is well financed, and it offers a thoroughly worthwhile outlet for Alberta oil. It has drawn its plan in such a way that it could pay for the pipeline of nearly 700 miles even if the oil never got beyond Vancouver and the requirements of British Columbia. Quite clearly, however, it is to be expected that the line will be continued into the states of Pacific North West which are already power-hungry and which offer a larger market than British Columbia does.

This is a case in which Canadian and United States requirements can be very happily met by a single scheme, and this has the highest practical importance in these times. Canada will have to depend on U.S. mills—and therefore on the U.S. Government's allocation authorities—to get the steel for this or any other projected pipeline. In this case the urgent industrial needs of the northwestern states make it probable that the U.S. authorities will grant the steel.

The same absence of contention is, unfortunately, not to be expected when and if the Alberta Government removes its present prohibition on the export of natural gas from the province. The Alberta Natural Gas Company is still contending for the right to carry Alberta gas over the United States border by the shortest possible route to the industrial centres of Washington and Oregon—and thence up to Vancouver. Other companies are pressing for alternative, and more Canadian, routes; and an attractive case is made for a longer range plan whereby the outlet for gas from southern Alberta would be to eastern Canada and the gas from northern Alberta would feed the Pacific Coast. If it were not for the overriding difficulty of getting steel for new pipelines, there is very much to be said for the Trans-Canada project in association with a line from Edmonton (or from even further north) to the Coast. But this argument can hardly be started until the province of Alberta decides how much gas it will allow to be exported; and that decision is still eagerly awaited.

LETTERS

New Era of Orthodoxy

THE report of the discussions in the Special House of Commons Radio Committee shows to what extent many of our political and public leaders have already lost faith in the foundations of democracy. We are approaching a new era of orthodoxy with alarming rapidity, and we are in great danger of utterly forgetting about the things which make democracy while hurling abuse at Communism as a destroyer of freedom.

Periods of mass hysteria and political tension are always a danger to sober thinking. At present it is fashionable and profitable to bring everything under the label "communist" or "subversive" activities. Senator McCarthy has shown how very successful even the most depraved and unscrupulous use of such labels can be. I can only hope that Canadians will not be infected by these despicable aspects of witch-hunting. In periods of mass hysteria it is always easy to use the current label of hate for one's pet aversion. Free thinkers, psychologists, catholics, anti-catholics, as the case may be, are all fixed with the label, and all that in the name of democracy. So we find Dr. Brock Chisholm on the carpet because he opposes the Santa Claus myth, and Bertrand Russell because he is a rationalist and a religious sceptic. In this country the diversity of newspapers is utterly insufficient for the free and full discussion of controversial matters. Hence, the job of the CBC is even more vital than that of corresponding organizations in other countries. If the CBC were no longer to be permitted to have distinguished psychologists, rationalists, and other people of unorthodox opinions on the air, always provided the quality of their contribution is high enough, we will within no time have the new authoritarian society, in which the party in power decrees the faith. We have already marched farther along that way than most of us care to admit. To many, the unutterably grim world of 1984 which George Orwell described a few years ago may have seemed fantastic. I do not think so. There are all too many people in the democracies—and some of our legislators among them—who are only too ready to produce the regimented mind.

Toronto, Ont. W. FRIEDMANN
School of Law, University of Toronto

96TH ANNUAL STATEMENT

30TH NOVEMBER, 1951

CONDENSED GENERAL STATEMENT

ASSETS

Cash, Deposits with, and due from Other Banks		$ 98,876,158.
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	Not exceeding market value	155,559,000.
Municipal and Other Securities	Not exceeding market value	26,934,030.
Call Loans (secured)		5,739,225.
Commercial and Other Loans		189,574,623.
Bank Premises		7,906,358.
Customers' Liability under Acceptances and Letters of Credit as per contra		4,490,639.
Other assets		58,494.
Total Assets		$489,138,527.

LIABILITIES

Deposits		$462,152,123.
Acceptances and Letters of Credit outstanding		4,490,639.
Liabilities to the public not included under foregoing heads		330,720.
Dividends declared and unpaid		330,645.
Capital	$ 6,000,000.	
Reserve Fund	14,000,000.	
Undivided Profits	1,834,400.	21,834,400.
Total Liabilities		$489,138,527.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Profits for the year ended 30th November, 1951, before Depreciation on Bank Premises and Government taxes — full provision for bad and doubtful debts having been made		$2,582,406.
Less:		
Depreciation on Bank Premises and Equipment	$519,588.	
Provision for Dominion and Provincial Government Taxes	946,584.	1,466,172.
		$1,116,234.
Dividends	$840,000.	
Provision for Bonus to shareholders payable 2nd January, 1952	120,000.	960,000.
Balance of Profits carried forward		$ 156,234.
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1950		1,678,166.
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1951		$1,834,400.

B. S. VANSTONE, *President*
L. G. GILLETT, *General Manager*

THE BANK OF TORONTO
Incorporated 1855

OTTAWA VIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

win whatever goodwill was to be won from consumers by getting the legislation through before Christmas—even if accused of "railroading".

Actually I don't believe that any more significant evidence would have been turned up if the committee had sat till *next* Christmas. The hearings and the written briefs gave a remarkably full view of the situation. At some stage debate has to stop, and action begin. The Government made up its mind on the proper action before the session started in October. The committee was merely a device to bring its own followers into line.

The end-of-session scramble, the Government's temptation to rely on members' desire to get home to shorten debate, are about as unedifying a kind of parliamentary procedure as you could think of. No one around here pretends otherwise. But most members of Parliament prefer this disorderly arrangement to the alternative of what they consider too much order. The alternative is the system they use at Westminster of limiting each debate to a fixed period. This can only be done by agreed rules and—more important—agreed conventions. The party whips must be able to agree on an allotment of time for each debate; and then they must be able to choose a few members of their own parties to take part. As things are now, I'm not sure which is the more improbable—the agreement between the Whips, or the members' acceptance of their own Whip's ruling about when they should speak.

Eventually Ottawa may have to come to this. But there's no present prospect of it.

—Michael Burns

Montreal Canadiens vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Toronto, December, 1951.

—Alexandra Studio

1922

The Voice of Hockey

1952

—Michael Burns

THE STORY OF FOSTER HEWITT

by Gordon Sinclair

NEXT SPRING when Foster Hewitt dusts off his tireless tonsils and begins airing the National Hockey League play-off games he'll be starting his 31st non-stop year before the microphones.

This is not only an all-time world record for any man, woman or child, living or dead, but has a fair chance of stretching into fifty years because, despite silly stories, Hewitt at 48 is a well-preserved Canadian.

Nobody on earth, past or present, can come anywhere close to matching Hewitt's record in the field of durability. His nearest rival of today falls six years short of the Hewitt accomplishment.

In 31 years he has broadcast every sport from hockey to hunting and from jiu-jitsu to jai alai. The only sport he's never given a whirl is bullfighting and the only Canadian sport he's never aired is fishing.

But sport is only part of the Hewitt saga because versatility exceeds durability . . . or did in early days.

GORDON SINCLAIR, Toronto Star *columnist, world-traveller, radio commentator, feature writer, is well known to Canadian readers.*

Those were the times when Foster, as announcer-engineer for the pioneering CFCA aired everything from symphonic music to bunion derbies, from opera to six-day bicycle rides and from news to knitting.

You've heard it said that he broadcast the first game ever aired in the National Hockey League and every game Toronto Maple Leafs have played at home from that day to this, without missing one.

This is true, but only half the story. Hewitt in 30 years of broadcasting has never missed any show of any kind at any time or place or on any station!! The type and variety of these shows include practically everything ever sent through air. Not only has Hewitt never missed a show but he has never even been late.

Curiously enough, Foster Hewitt and I started in radio about the same time and place—1922 on the *Toronto Daily Star*—and our paths have crisscrossed ever since. With Foster, 18, radio was his goal then as it is now. With me, a mature 22, it was a sideline into which I was occasionally thrust to help with a church service.

Not until June 6, 1944 . . . D-Day in Europe . . . did this writer agree that Foster had been right 22 years earlier. By that time I'd been four times around the world as a reporter and Hewitt had become Canada's ace radio personality.

In that spring of 1922 Foster's father, W. A. Hewitt, was sports editor for the *Star* while his uncle, Fred Foster (for whom he was named) was one of the *Star's* two cameramen. Young Hewitt, a student in Arts at the University of Toronto, was a bit bored by it all when the office grapevine carried word that the newspaper was to try this mysterious thing called radio.

FOSTER heard this at the family dinner table and decided to gamble on one of those ground floor admissions to a new industry. If radio laid an egg, Hewitt was no worse off. He could become a reporter. If it paid off, he'd be a pioneer.

As it turned out, he did both writing and broadcasting plus a spot of engineering. He took a theory course in radio engineering under a Professor Culver at Varsity, a practical course under Eddie Bowers, and then helped Ted Rogers build the transmitter for the pioneering station CFCA.

Rogers later built Toronto's CFRB (RB stands for Rogers Batteryless) while Hewitt built Toron-

to's CKFH (FH for Foster Hewitt). So far as I know, these are the only Canadian stations initialed for the men who built them.

I've some times heard it argued that Pittsburgh's KDKA was the first North American station to hit the air and I've heard the same for Montreal's CFCF. It makes no difference, because none of the original voices at either CFCF or KDKA has been heard for a dozen years while Foster Hewitt goes steadily forward toward new heights.

Original control booth for CFCA was in the *Star's* old building at 20 King St. W. in Toronto, a site which has been a parking lot for 20 years, and Hewitt first hit the air with news bulletins read from Page One. The date was April, 1922. In those days the station went on the air when there was something to say, and any stray listener who heard anything whatever wrote enthusiastic letters to say so. There was no such thing as programming.

HEWITT's first hockey broadcast went over an ordinary telephone from Toronto's Mutual Street arena to the studio. The 'phone was in a booth which soon heated to equatorial temperatures. Teams were Parkdale Canoe Club and Kitchener in an OHA senior final. Due to the wizardry of a young goalie named George Hainsworth, Kitchener won and a radio sports career was launched. That game went 30 minutes overtime and Hewitt talked for three hours and eight minutes non-stop. He did the game, the color stuff, 'tween-periods gossip and admonitions.

These admonitions were directed toward telephone operators who kept butting in to wonder what the hell was going on down there and was anybody in trouble.

There were a couple of fights and Hewitt gave these the old oompah to the consternation of the Bell Telephone Company and an assortment of operators.

Hewitt's first connection with the Saturday night period beginning at 9 p.m. began a year later when CFCA aired a series of symphonic concerts with Reginald Stewart conducting the orchestra. Stewart was the first person in the world to broadcast the work of a 50-piece orchestra and Hewitt was his announcer. Later Charles Jennings, now Director of Programs for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, handled some of the programs while Hewitt went more and more toward actuality stuff. He was also assigned to routine chores, as reporter, and shared a desk with me in the smoky city room of the *Star*.

One morning there was a murder in a suburban garage and I was rushed to the scene with Foster's Uncle Fred and his camera which looked the size of a barn. We got the usual X-marks-the-spot pictures, and came back in one of the few press cars of the period. The Assistant City Editor of that day was in a lather of impatience to see the finished prints and kept needling Fred Foster for speed. My story didn't seem to matter and when I went up to my desk I couldn't reach it because of mail bags.

There must have been 20 of these bags piled around the desk with Foster Hewitt idly poking through the letters. This was fan mail in 1923.

YOUNG HEWITT had offered some trifling giveaway, such as the possible CFCA programs for the following week and here was the unbelievable response.

I pushed some of the bags away and started tapping out my story when an uproar started across the hall followed by the splintering of a door panel, the shattering of much glass—and silence.

Uncle Fred had just tossed the Assistant Editor out of his dark room.

The pictures turned out fine.

Church services were a big part of broadcasting in those pioneering days and I occasionally had to fill in for Hewitt by lugging the equipment to the place of worship, setting it up and giving the preacher the signal to go. Rev. W. A. Cameron and Rev. George Pidgeon, both of whom are still around, were the most popular radio preachers then, but I was yanked from the chore when, in successive weeks, I failed to get the batteries perking.

Hewitt's first network broadcast was the Montreal arrival of the British dirigible R-100 in 1927 and Foster had to work from a mile and a half outside the St. Hubert fence because a rival outfit had sewed up the field. You might hear different dates for the organizational beginning of the CBC but this R-100 arrival was its first actual show and Foster Hewitt was the speaker.

Later, for the maiden voyage of the *Empress of Britain* both webs were pooled to give international coverage and Foster again made with the words from Wolfe's Cove in Quebec.

By that time radio was learning to talk and a variety of small skeins were being tied together as networks. Hewitt's first network hockey broadcast was carried over CNR wires. That was four years before the opening of Maple Leaf Gardens. As you've heard, Hewitt has never miss[illegible] from the Gardens, and his son Bill is the only other speaker to air any part of an NHL game, except 'tween period chatter, from the Gardens.

When big variety programs are aired from the Gardens . . . such as the annual benefit for Ontario's crippled children . . . Foster acts as host. Being keen on help for crippled youngsters, he also picked up the tab for expenses at last year's show.

I was personally thrust into the Gardens' broadcasting gondola in 1936 because of Benito Mussolini's abortive ruthlessness against the Ethiopians. I'd spent most of 1935 in India and, in the fall of that year got tangled up with an earthquake, in Baluchistan, where more than 60,000 people were killed. This was enough for Sinclair who wanted to hightail it for home as soon as possible, if not sooner. The *Star* decided that since Ethiopia was a hot spot for news and since I had to pass it on the way I should stop off and cover the war.

I begged off and we compromised on a return trip to Canada then a fast voyage back to Africa (aboard the great French liner *Normandie*, no less). In Ethiopia my copy was so listless that the wires began to burn with complaint.

Eventually I decided to sail home to Canada without orders and was quite properly fired.

SEEKING WORK I landed in the broadcasting gondola with Hewitt where, with chatter and interview and General Motors sponsorship, I did what the Hot Stove League does now. It was pretty miserable stuff and after one season I was booted out.

That season provided the nearest I've ever seen to a missed program by Hewitt.

The first NHL play-off draw pitted New York Americans against Toronto Maple Leafs in Madison Square Garden and Hewitt was to cover the show. In other border crossing play-off games Canadian microphones had been packed with players' sweaters but this time someone decided to carry them openly. The mikes were seized by American customs officers who wanted incredible amounts of duty. When we raised a fuss (the mikes were old and American made), customs people got tough and decided we couldn't have them just then.

There were frantic visits to New York studios to see what we could borrow but, lacking credentials, we could get nothing but carbon jobs that belonged on cat's whisker sets.

The day passed in exciting telephone calls and eventually the beloved Pass Passmore, producer on the show, chartered a plane and flew additional mikes from Toronto. Pass, who arrived in a Dick Merriwell finish, brought whiskey with him and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

—Toronto Star

"THE VOICE" descends from the broadcasting booth to admire the winning blades of Maple Leaf player Ted Kennedy. In spite of annual rumors that his health is failing, Hewitt remains radio-hockey's mainstay.

SCIENCE is served by the C. D. Howe. Stephen Murphy conducts magnetic field-survey work.

MEDICINE for Eskimos: Drs. H. Campbell (rt.) and J. R. Judge found health "generally good".

POST-OFFICE function of ship is handled by R. A. Hadden, checking stamps with RCMP constable.

—All photos, NFB

SUPPLIES for remote communities in the Eastern Arctic are the Government patrol ship's most important cargo. This is Pangnirtung, Baffin Island. All told, the C. D. Howe distributed 1,500 tons of supplies.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT AFLOAT

ARCTIC ASSIGNMENT

Story by Margaret Rowe

Pictures by Wilf Doucette

FOR 89 DAYS last summer, the specially constructed Department of Transport vessel *C. D. Howe* picked her way through northern waters on the 29th patrol of Canada's Eastern Arctic. Leaving Montreal on June 27, she edged around the coast of Labrador and Northern Quebec, crossed Hudson Bay to Churchill, then moved on up the west shore to the remote outposts of the islands of the far north. For ten thousand miles—sometimes through fog, sleet, snow; sometimes through barriers of ice—she poked a reinforced nose into government business at 22 ports of call.

Government business on this annual Arctic assignment is mainly the administration of policies concerning the Eskimos—their health, their game supply; their general welfare. Responsible for administration is the Department of Resources and Development, whose representatives head the patrol. Rounding out the 1951 mission were doctors, dentists, and nurses from the Department of National Health and Welfare, scientists and technicians from the Department of Mines and Technical Surveys, RCMP and postal inspectors—each with a specific job to do.

Medical centres, RCMP detachments, post offices, Dept. of Transport radio and meteorological stations, and missions were inspected; personnel exchanged. Two thousand Eskimos were medically examined; a comprehensive eye survey made. Hydrographic and magnetic data were gathered for the revision of maps and navigation charts. At Craig Harbor, tucked away in a fjord of Ellesmere Island, 700 miles inside the Arctic Circle, within 900 miles of the North Pole, a detachment of RCMP was established. At each meagre encampment, where the tents of the Eskimos cling like floe ice to the bare coastal rocks, supplies for another year were landed.

HELICOPTER based on ship is used as aid to navigation; to carry passengers and goods to Eskimos such as these ice-bound at Pond Inlet; and in aerial photography. An example of C. D. Howe's modern equipment.

RESCUE of disabled mission ship in Hudson Strait. The C. D. Howe towed it 2,000 miles to Quebec.

—Miller Services

PORTUGAL'S ARMY belongs with Canada's in the Atlantic Pact. Inset, the "benevolent dictator" Salazar listens to his not-so-loved neighbor, General Franco.

THE UNKNOWN DICTATOR

by Douglas Hyde

An Exclusive Interview with Salazar of Portugal

A LITTLE 17-year-old servant girl in brown frock, starched white cap and apron answered the door when, with a former Portuguese Ambassador to Britain to act as my interpreter, I called on Dr. Salazar, Portugal's "dictator," in Lisbon recently.

The guard at the gate—two plainclothes men and one in uniform—had been no more than one might expect to find outside No. 10 Downing Street.

We had been warned that, because of another engagement, the Prime Minister might keep us waiting. In fact, the little girl had only just shown us into a quietly furnished sitting room when a grey-haired man, in a suit of much the same color, walked in quietly and in an equally quiet voice made us welcome.

Quiet and grey are, I think, the two adjectives most likely to occur to anyone attempting to give an impression of the 63-year-old former economics professor who has led Portugal's authoritarian regime since he introduced it in 1928.

I had thought that the man I had in my Communist past described as the "bloody dictator of a police State" might fall into one of three categories. He might be an aggressive, conceited little Mussolini. He might be a fanatical, messianic little Hitler. More probably, he might be the perhaps equally dangerous type of authoritarian who believes that because he is a daily-Mass-going man, his every act as a politician is as a consequence an Act of God and is, therefore, infallible.

Salazar fits none of these categories. Nor is he the cheery "father-knows-best" sort of dictator.

Rather, I would say, in so far as his appearance and manner convey his authoritarianism, it is that of a professor who has walked into a noisy lecture room filled with undisciplined students, has restored order by force of personality, and is unobtrusively maintaining it by dint of superior knowledge. As a well-disposed mentor he is there to instruct and guide—but not to be argued with.

That strength of personality and intellect was soon revealed as we sat in a softly-lit corner of the large room. I had come with a host of questions on the most diverse subjects of which he had had no warning. But he understands some English and his answers tended to come almost before I had finished asking them; yet, far from being superficial, many of his replies revealed deeper shades of meaning when I studied them later.

My questions on political, social and industrial matters were asked with a view to revealing the direction in which his regime, in this strategically important fringe of West Europe, is travelling rather than provoking arguments about its undemocratic nature which has been often debated.

"Does your regime assume that political democracy is entirely unsuited to the Portuguese temperament," I asked, "or are you working towards greater freedom?"

He replied: "If you limit your interpretation of democracy to the English variety then I do not think it is adaptable to Portugal today both on account of the level of education of our people and the temperament of the Portuguese.

"England, being an island, tends to be insular and has evolved a system which it thinks should automatically be applied to all other countries. But a Portuguese democracy would not necessarily be based on the English system."

He smiled when I told him that many English people genuinely believed his to be a police State. "That is an absurdity," he said. "Public liberties are dependent on the will of the people. The life and activities of our people are not registered by the police."

He threw some light on what he meant when I asked him whether his aim was to move towards the establishment of free institutions.

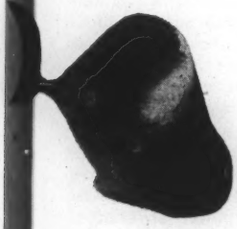
CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

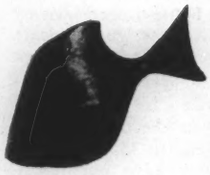
DOUGLAS HYDE, *former News Editor of the London* Daily Worker *who left the Communist Party in 1948, has recently visited Portugal.*

JOHN BRADFORD: NS sculpture hobbyist at work on some of small wood carvings illustrated here.

JACKKNIFE ARTIST

by Marion Rogers





A BUSINESSMAN with a hobby in his pocket—that's John L. Bradford of Hunt's Point near Liverpool, NS. At home there's hardly a night he doesn't work at a piece of carving after the household have gone to bed. Since his carvings are done with a variety of jackknife blades, he even takes his knife and small bits of wood along in his pocket on business trips. He travels for a supply firm for fish companies.

CALLED wood carving by some people, his work is sculpture, Bradford insists — as distinguished from chip carving, whittling or relief. As his art is self-taught, he evolved his own type of line and figure for the small creatures and groups he features. In his hometown he teaches his hobby—from young school children to an ex-teacher of 90 years.

Bradford was born in NS, has lived worked and travelled in the Maritimes and in parts of Eastern U.S. In fact, in earlier life, he spent some years in the U.S. as a newspaperman, including a stint as night editor on the *Salem* (Mass.) *Evening News*.

An artist who has done work in oils, water colors and pastels, he is also the author of two books of poems and a pamphlet, "Small Animal Sculpturing", which he wrote for Macdonald College, McGill University, in 1944.

FROM his teaching and his booklet, his style has been widely copied. Then, too, there have been exhibitions in New York City and in Canada—as far west as Vancouver.

He was Founder-President of the Atlantic Woodcarvers Guild, and also the first President of the NS Craftsmans' Guild.

The expert finishing of each piece—repeated sanding and polishing—takes as long, sometimes longer, than the actual carving. During his years at this work, he has used over 30 varieties of wood.

WORLD AFFAIRS

AFTER A TRUCE —WHAT?

by Willson Woodside

TO WIND UP A WAR in which neither side has won a clear victory is an entirely different proposition from writing a treaty for a defeated enemy. Let us suppose for a moment that satisfactory inspection arrangements can be agreed upon and an exchange of prisoners carried out, without our handing over to Communist vengeance those POW's who were or have become anti-Communist. All this is finally managed, after six long months of haggling; and the guns officially fall silent. Then what?

Then we begin political negotiations for "a settlement." That's a wonderful word, used a great deal these days. But, getting to the root of things, has the balance of power, so completely upset in 1949 by the great Communist victory in China, been readjusted sufficiently to make both sides ready for a settlement? It has not, and it will not be until Japan again has military strength to place in the balance, and without question on our side. Less than in Europe is there any prospect yet of a real settlement in the Far East.

In a way that simplifies things, because it means that those thorny topics which always appear on the agenda for a full settlement in the Far East, Chinese Communist membership in the United Nations and recognition by the U.S., the handing over of Formosa and the remnant of the Chinese nationalist state to the Peking Communists, and the revision of the Japanese Peace Treaty to suit Peking and Moscow, will not have to be tackled.

THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS will nevertheless seek to establish these as the chief goals of the political negotiations which will have to take up where the military negotiations leave off. We can on no account allow them to succeed, since we cannot admit that all our effort and sacrifice in Korea were so misguided and wasted as only to leave Red China established, and recognized by us, as the leading power of Asia.

There is not a glimmer of intimation in the public opinion polls or editorial columns of the U.S. that the American people are prepared to recognize Communist China as a reward for killing or butchering thousands of American boys. Quite to the contrary: the latest poll shows that at last there is a majority in favor of using the atom-bomb in the Korean War, if it cannot be ended. And there would undoubtedly be widespread gratification in the U.S. if Mr. Churchill, in a move towards coordination of British and U.S. policy, would withdraw British recognition from Red China.

Just as positively one can say that the present Democratic Administration in Washington would not dream of raising again the whole MacArthur ruckus—which cuts across party lines—just before the election, by suggesting that Chiang Kai-shek be sold out to the Communists by withdrawing all American aid and support for him on Formosa. On the other side, one can be quite sure that the Chinese Communists are not prepared to leave Chiang unmolested on Formosa, or to abandon their plans for eventual Communist conquest of Indo-China, Malaya, Burma and Siam.

ONE CAN BE QUITE DEFINITE about it. The makings of an overall settlement in the Far East are just not there. What, then, can be "settled" by the political negotiations which are presumably to open within a few weeks in Korea? It has always been supposed that the political future of Korea would be settled. But there can be no all-Korean settlement without a general Far Eastern settlement. So what it will all boil down to is, the North will remain under the Communists and the South will remain a part of the free world.

The one big, practical question which the coming political negotiations may help to answer is: do we pull our forces out of Korea, or not? There is a school in the West, as *The Economist* warns, which holds that our commitment in Korea benefits only the Kremlin, as it costs them little while tying us down heavily and making China more and more dependent on the Russian alliance; and therefore we should cut our losses and get out of Korea with as little loss of face as possible. They argue that the Korean Peninsula is untenable in the long run anyway, and that enough has been done to demonstrate that acts of aggression cannot be committed with impunity.

—Justus in Minneapolis Star

"SORRY, CAN'T QUITE HEAR YOU!" The follow-up negotiations in Korea will be long-drawn-out and will be often disturbed.

The paper, however, raises weighty arguments against this course. If South Korea were to be abandoned now, who would ever be so foolish again as to rely on Anglo-American or UN promises of support? Confidence would be utterly undermined in the Far East.

The eyes of the world have been fixed on this war and it cannot be treated as merely a local issue; its outcome will affect the balance of political forces everywhere. Recent events in Persia and Egypt have shown how quickly humiliation in one area can cause trouble to break out in another. A show of weakness by the Allies now in Korea would be a signal for even graver forward moves of Communism.

ANY WESTERN CAPITULATION in Korea, however disguised, would have an extremely adverse effect on Japan, which would be left strategically and economically more vulnerable to Soviet pressure from within and without.

Finally, there is the danger that the American people, seeing their 100,000 casualties suffered in vain, would be embittered against their European partners who failed to back them up wholeheartedly in the fight, and counselled the withdrawal. The combination of the wrath of those Americans who wanted more war and those who wanted less war in Korea might shake the foundations of the Atlantic Pact. In all talk of "cutting losses," this possibility should be given its full weight, warns this highly responsible British source.

"The Korean War cannot be treated simply as a local issue." That, I think, should be the key to any real understanding of what we have been doing there and should still do there. Korea happens to be the point at which the power of the free world, mainly of the Atlantic Pact nations, confronts that of the Soviet world, and says: to go further, you have to defeat us all. It could have happened in any other of a dozen spots; in this shrunken world the significance of Korea is universal.

ITS POLITICAL VALUE is very great. There we have shown our determination to yield no further ground; but there also we have shown a restraint in resisting all appeals such as MacArthur's to spread the war which is the best answer there could be to the charge of Western and particularly American "warmongering."

And militarily, in spite of the relatively small scale of forces involved, Korea has become one of the nerve spots of the world. For there Soviet and Western air power are ranged against each other, and feeling each other out. Just as it would be disastrous if our fighter pilots turned and fled at the sight of the Migs, so it might be disastrous to withdraw our air power from Korea and leave this powerful and battle-trained enemy air force to shift its weight suddenly against Formosa or Indo-China, or merely flourish it against Japan.

The arrangements for inspection of the truce, however effective they may be, will not extend to Manchuria, so that we will only have our intelligence reports to go on as regards the air strength which the enemy continues to maintain in this theatre. And even if he were ostentatiously to withdraw a large part of it, he could surreptitiously restore it afterwards.

It may be that the bulk of our present Far Eastern air strength as well as the bulk of our ground forces will have to stay in Korea until a general world-wide settlement of some kind is reached with the Soviets.

—Miller

"BUT, MR. ACHESON, we really mean peace this time!" The usually snarling Malik and Vishinsky were caught by the camera at the Paris UN Assembly trying to sell a bill of goods to the American, who now has in sight some of "positions of strength" he has said are necessary in dealing with Soviets.

—International

JAPAN'S STAND on the peace treaty and the mutual defence agreement has pleased the U.S., whose General Ridgway is seen here applauding Premier Yoshida. But if U.S.-UN forces were withdrawn from Korea, Communist strategic, economic pressure on Japan would be greater, her reaction uncertain.

QUESTION MARK FOR '52

by Sebastian Haffner

London.

THE INITIATIVE in world affairs during the past year was almost entirely with the United States. The course of events was set by four great decisions:

1. Not to accept the Chinese intervention in Korea as a challenge to war with China, but to keep the Korean war limited to Korea.

2. To embark on a three-year rearmament program with the aim of giving America and her allies unchallengeable superiority of power over Russia and her allies by mid-1953.

3. In the meantime, to give Europe priority over Asia in American strategic dispositions and to aim at making Western Europe secure against attack by mid-1952; and for this purpose, to foster and support West European rearmament efforts parallel to that of America, to bring Western Germany into the European defence community, and to encourage European integration.

4. To make peace with Japan, transforming her from a defeated and controlled enemy into an ally, and to build an American system of Pacific alliances based on the island chain of Japan, Formosa, the Philippines, Australia and New Zealand.

In the course of the year, a fifth decision was added—to admit Greece and Turkey to the North Atlantic Treaty and create with Britain and France a Middle East Command, based on Turkey, with the aim of creating security in the Middle East.

The Russian reaction to all this, so far, has been curiously feeble. Meanwhile, America's rearmament has made stupendous progress and gone a long way during the past year to change the world balance of power in favor of the West. American Pacific and Western European policies, too, have on the whole prospered during 1951. The Japanese peace treaty has been signed and the groundwork of a Pacific defence system laid; and Western Europe's defence, though not yet complete and somewhat behind schedule, is a great deal stronger than it was a year ago.

The danger of full-scale war with China, which might have led to world war, has greatly lessened compared with a year ago. Altogether, the Western position has solidified out of recognition, and the course is set for real stability in a divided world by 1953, with the possibility of limited settlements with Russia, based on the "ratification of recognized positions of strength," thereafter. Only against this background of encouraging solid achievement can the problems and difficulties created by the American initiative of 1951 be seen in proper proportion and perspective.

THE NEW AMERICAN world policy has admittedly created problems in the relations between American governmental policy and American public opinion at home, in the relations between America and her Allies, and in the relations between the Western coalition and the underdeveloped countries. All these problems have made themselves felt in 1951 and still await their solution, if the grand design of American and Atlantic policy —the design of world peace through Western unity and strength—is to achieve success.

The "crisis of confidence" between America and her allies, which some observers have seen developing during 1951, exists less on the level of governments than on the level of public opinions; and characteristically, it is in this field that the Russians, with their calculatedly misleading peace propaganda and disarmament proposals, have so far counteracted American policy most vigorously.

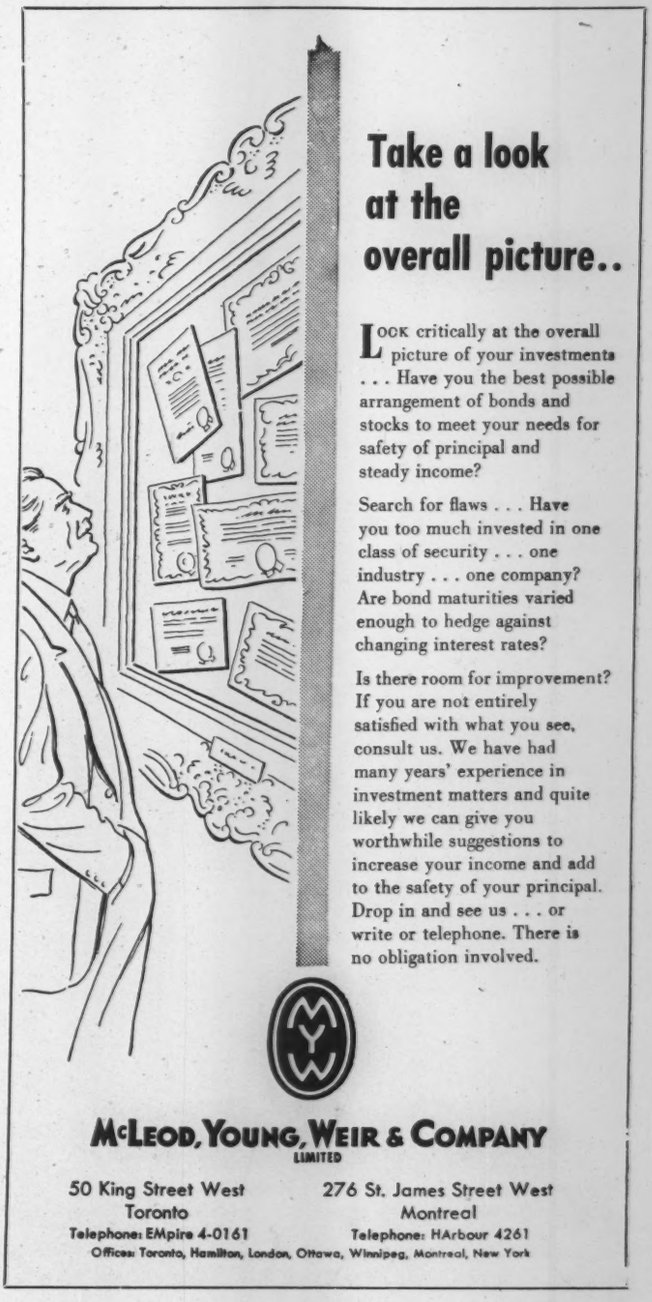
A second and more tangible inter-allied problem has arisen out of the economics of rearmament. The events of 1951 have underlined the ominous discrepancy of economic strength between America and her allies.

While the American economy is taking the gigantic American remobilization program in its stride, the British and Continental European economies are almost breaking down under their comparatively small parallel rearmament efforts. It is becoming clear that American military aid as at present designed is not sufficient to offset the danger, and the problem how to organize Atlantic long-term rearmament in such a way that it can be carried out to a joint plan with greatest military effect and smallest economic and political disturbance remains unsolved.

There is a growing conviction that it cannot be solved at all in a framework of national sovereignty and that the Atlantic Alliance, in order to stand the strain of rearmament and long-term containment of Russia, will have to become an Atlantic Federation.

Nevertheless, the greatest question mark overhanging 1952 remains Russia's tardy reaction to the Western military and diplomatic power build-up. Will she be content to play on the internal problems and difficulties of the Western power build-up outlined above? Or will she take the plunge into preventive war?

The year 1952 is the last one in which this fateful choice is open to her. Since it is also a year in which the American Presidential elections will handicap and possibly for some months paralyze American foreign policy, it is bound to be a crucial year in the world affairs of the 20th century. If it passes without war and without a major upset in the Western policies of building strength and unity, it may be the year in which the world will turn the corner from fears of war to solid hopes of peace.



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FOSTER HEWITT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

that was the first and only time I saw Hewitt take a snort before hitting the air.

We aired the show from an iron bucket hung from a balcony while fans playfully pelted Hewitt with orange peels, banana skins and peanuts.

And don't pay that off as being in the distant past because it was April, 1936.

Hero of the game was New York goalie Roy Worters, and on the way home I got a wire saying all was forgiven and I could rejoin the *Star*.

It was eleven years before I saw another hockey game but Hewitt kept me better informed than I would have been through personal attendance.

While Broadcaster Hewitt is becoming a legend he's in no sense a character. No back-slapper or party-goer, he dresses quietly, tosses few bouquets, makes no wise cracks and looks but little changed since crystal-set days.

A common story is that of his damaged health. Clearly a man who has been 31 years before the mikes without missing a show must be akin to an iron man; yet the story bobs up with the regularity of a May dandelion that Hewitt has cancer of the throat, an injured heart, or some other dreadful malady.

The fact is that he's seldom suffered a day of illness; he works out at pools and gyms with regularity, and is practically the same weight today as 20 years ago.

ANOTHER says that his own Toronto radio station CKFH is really the chattel of somebody else and Hewitt is just a front man.

The *Toronto Daily Star* uses the choice 8 to 9 p.m. spot seven days a week, and since the *Star's* management probably regretted the decision to liquidate CFCA, the most common "real owner" mentioned is that newspaper.

This is bunk.

Foster Hewitt conceived the idea of his own radio station—to be assisted by his son Bill—and did the major portion of the work toward making the idea a reality.

Except for a lawyer who has one share, and Bill, who was given a few by his Dad, the sole owner and operator of CKFH is Foster Hewitt. He sank his own money into the project without the help of anyone. Several Canadians who are radio-wise tried before and after the station became an actuality to become part of the deal. All were firmly put aside. The *Star* pays regular rates for the most unique contract in the whole nation—an hour at the same time every day of every week whether it turns out to be Christmas, election day, or even atom bomb day.

FILMS

THE AMERICAN TEMPERAMENT

by Mary Lowrey Ross

"THE WELL" is a curiously interesting film for a number of reasons. It is charged with excitement and action and filled to overflowing with a sort of revivalist emotionalism; but it is chiefly fascinating for the way it contrives to summarize the peculiar and paradoxical qualities of the American temperament. You will find here, all in a single picture, most of the reasons for liking and admiring the U.S., as well as many of the reasons advanced by her enemies for disliking and fearing her.

This is the story of a race riot in a small American town. A five-year-old Negro child is lost and the rumor springs up that she has been kidnapped by a white man. As the story spreads racial antagonism springs up like a bush fire and is soon beyond the control of the local police. Just as the riot approaches its height the child is discovered trapped in an abandoned well. In the hastily organized race of rescue against death, hatred is wiped out and black men and white work together with every resource they can command or invent, to bring the child to the surface.

THE PICTURE thus emerges as a fairly complete study of the American temperament in action—volatile, lawless, generous, violent, equally capable of swift savagery and facile repentance. For a completing touch we have the immense technical resourcefulness that can be organized almost instantly to deal with emergency. Although it is a study in miniature "The Well" is a pretty complete object-lesson in the advantage of retaining America as a friend, the awful hazards of taking her on as an enemy.

The film is openly contrived for melodrama, but the treatment, with its swift emotional shifts and the artless mechanical precision of the plot, is curiously consistent with the material itself. It is remarkably well acted, particularly by Henry Morgan as the white man accused of abducting the child and by Barry Kelly as the upstanding citizen who is equally prepared to lead the race-riot or the work of rescue. It is an extravagant picture in many ways; but it would be hard to find an apter illustration of the awe-inspiring extravagance, both in magnanimity and violence, of the native American temperament.

IN "THE UNKNOWN MAN" we have a well-to-do lawyer (Walter Pidgeon) who is by training and tradition a great upholder of justice and the enforcement of law. His sympathies are aroused, however, by a friendless hoodlum accused of murder, so he takes on the case and secures an acquittal. Before long he begins to turn up evidence that his client was guilty not only of murder but of operating as finger-man for a criminal gang.

Lawyer Pidgeon now sets to work to discover the leader of the outfit and eventually runs him down in his luxury suite. Confronted by the evidence the arch-criminal blandly points out the dangers and difficulties of arresting him, and argues so persuasively that Lawyer Pidgeon impulsively takes justice in his own hands and sticks a knife in his back. Then when the hoodlum is picked up for the murder, the lawyer defends him—unsuccessfully this time.

He atones by visiting the condemned man in his cell where he explains the situation and then obligingly makes it convenient for Criminal No. 1 to stick a knife in *his* back. The final sequence takes the form (without the faintest suggestion of irony) of a testimonial before a graduating class in law to Lawyer Pidgeon's dedication to justice and the legal principle.

If this summary sounds confusing it isn't half as chaotic as the state of mind of the screen author who apparently believed that private and public justice are interchangeable. It is altogether quite a staggering piece of foolishness and Walter Pidgeon can hardly be blamed if he works his way through it looking alternately pained and stupefied by the fix he has got himself into.

—United Artists

"THE WELL"

MUSIC

THE NEW RECORDS

CONCERTO IN A MINOR — *Dvorak.* This florid violin concerto, replete with idioms from Czech folk music, gets a gay, gypsy-fiddle-like rendition by German violinist Geor Kulenkampff, with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Eugen Jochum. Recording: good. (*Capitol—P8052*.*)

RHAPSODIE ESPAGNOLE — *Ravel;* LA MER—*Debussy.* The Ravel rhapsody, here played by the Belgian National Radio Symphony, is 43 years old. Yet for all our experimenting with Andalusian, Cuban, Latin-American and Spanish rhythms for the past three decades, we haven't said much more than Ravel did. Sultry melody, brilliant instrumental color, turbulent rhythms—they're all there.

"La Mer", played by the Brussels Radio Symphony, includes the calm and stormy sequences that Debussy laced through this tone poem, but the total canvas as performed here seems to have big gaps; is much inferior to Toscanini's effort for RCA on the same assignment. Recording: only fair. (*Capitol—P8082.*)

CAPRICCIO FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA—*Stravinsky;* PIANO CONCERTO IN G MINOR—*Ravel.* The brilliant pianism of Monique Haas, here in two bubbling "moderns", is a refreshing thing to come upon. Well-known throughout Europe, Paris Conservatory-trained Monique Haas has yet to acquire fame in American concert halls. With such striking performances of modern works she should have no trouble. (*Decca—DL9515.*)

SYMPHONY NO. 3 IN D MAJOR—*Schubert;* SINFONIA FOR DOUBLE ORCHESTRA IN E FLAT MAJOR, Op. 18, No. 1—*Bach.* Schubert's Third Symphony, written when he was only 18, was never played during his lifetime. The exuberance of youth shines throughout — the jaunty oboe melodies, syncopated string accompaniments, etc. Still, it is well fitted into the classical sonata form. The Cincinnati Symphony's performance under Thor Johnson's cautious. Better is the orchestra—or rather combined orchestra—in the dazzlingly patterned Bach Sinfonia. The crosshatch of themes, repeated themes, counterpoint by strings and woodwinds builds up to major climaxes from the tenuous melodic lines and then the whole disappears. The moving patterns of the third movement Allegro are given spirited interpretations. Recording: excellent. (*London—LLP-405.*)

SIGURD JORSALFAR ORCHESTRAL SUITE —*Grieg;* MIDSUMMER VIGIL—*Alfven.* Two colorful and exciting suites rooted in Scandinavian folk-music are given superb performances by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Thor Johnson. Alfven's Swedish rhapsody is especially good-humored and built up with a generous development of warm themes over the whole orchestra. Contrasts of dark and sombre with gay and bright are intriguingly handled. Recording: excellent. (*London—LLP406.*)

PIANO MUSIC OF LISZT — Vladimir Horowitz, today's best interpreter of Liszt, who was termed in his day "The King of Pianists", does honors to a representative group: Funérailles, Sonetto del Petrarca, Valse Oubliée No. 1 and Rakoczy March. (*RCA Victor—LM100.*)

MUSICAL COMEDY MEDLEY — The Boston Pops Orchestra turns out their usual rich orchestrated set of tunes from four shows: "Annie Get Your Gun", "Brigadoon", "Kiss Me, Kate", and "South Pacific". (*RCA Victor—LM97.*)

*All records 33 1/3 rpm (LP) unless otherwise specified.

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NASSAU: NEARBY PLAYGROUND

by James Norman

WITH THE conservative charm of Toronto, the cosmopolite atmosphere of Montreal, and pervaded by the Old World atmosphere of Quebec City, Nassau is a kind of home away from home for Canadian vacationists who annually journey South to escape the snow, sleet, and generally unpleasant weather which accompanies the northern winter.

Today, Nassau is firmly established as one of the fastest growing and most popular holiday-lands in the Southern Resort Area and this is largely because of the ease with which it can now be reached from any point in North America. Trans-Canada Airlines' North Stars make regular flights from Montreal and Toronto several times weekly, a trip which used to take a day and a half, in six hours.

For pleasure-seekers who prefer to flee Jack Frost on a top-flight luxury liner, there are a number of opportunities. Winter-long, from New York and from Norfolk, Va., ships like the *Mauretania, Liberté, Ocean Monarch, Queen of Bermuda,* and *Nieuw Amsterdam* will be sailing for this British Colony only 170 miles off the Florida coast.

Now, Nassau is a hubbub of activity. Hotels from one end of the island to the other have been subjected to overall beauty treatments. Rooms have been renovated, lobbies brightened, fresh coats of paint generally added, all in preparation for the impending winter season. All is in readiness to greet the northern nomads whose search for sun, sea, sand, and peace of mind, brings them back to Nassau year after year.

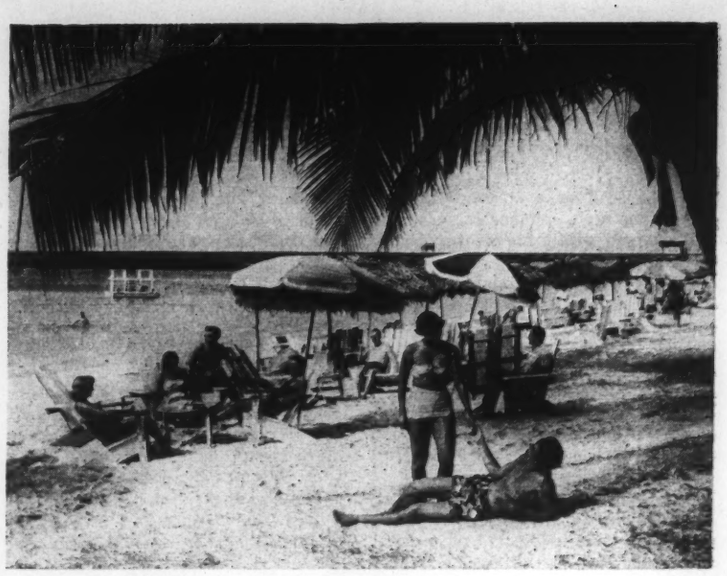
There will be no dearth of activities. For daytime recreation there are numerous and varied possibilities. The Bahamas Country Club's 18-hole seaside course is considered the finest and most difficult in the South Atlantic area. There are countless sequestered beaches and coves within easy cycling distance of the city, and water-skiing and deep-sea fishing will again be popular aquatic diversions. Nassau's numerous tennis courts will be well populated, but the old standby of just plain lazing in the sun getting an even bronze tan cannot be budged from its ranking position on the outdoor activities popularity list.

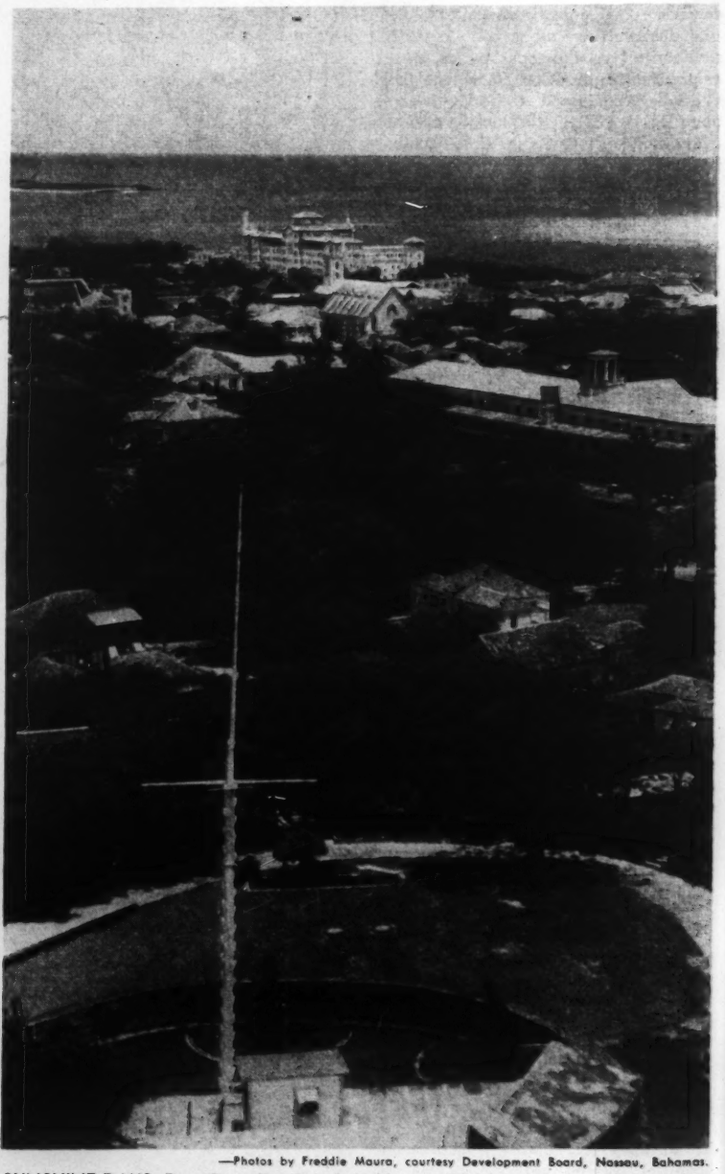
ON FRIDAY afternoons vacationists and residents alike wend their way to Hobby Horse Hall for the races. From two o'clock until six the little Bahamian ponies, mounted by teenage native jockeys, pound their way around the mile oval. Betting is parimutuel, Government supervised.

Nassau's opulent tapestry of history makes the island a paradise for the inveterate sightseer. The three centuries-old forts, all of them in magnificent states of preservation, are leaders in this field. Other interesting sites are the Vendue House—once a slave auction mart—and the Queen's Staircase, a flight of 65 steps chopped out of solid rock by slave labor. And no visitor to Nassau should miss the panoramic view which unfolds itself to all who ride the elevator to the top of the city's water tower.

But in the midst of this avalanche of activity there are pleasantly subdued moments. Not easily forgotten are the Bahamian twilights and multicolored sunsets, when everyone in Nassau wanders out onto open-air terraces to clink the ice in highball glasses to the rhythm of the melodies of Bahamian troubadors.

But, as always, Nassau's prime attraction is its climate. The island has never experienced a frost, the average winter temperature is 72 degrees, and the welcome mat is always extended to fun-loving vacationists who want to pause and relax for a while where "worry" is just another word that rhymes with "hurry", and neither is encountered often.





—Photos by Freddie Maura, courtesy Development Board, Nassau, Bahamas.

SUNSHINE DAYS. *Top,* Paradise Beach in Nassau in the Bahamas with its palm-tree fringe and clear turquoise water which is always the right temperature. Above, the famous view from the water tower, looking over the city and harbor, with one of the three old forts in the foreground. *Left,* a Bahamian policeman mounts guard at the Governor's Residence. Statue is Christopher Columbus.

THE COMMONWEALTH

A LOSING WAR IN MALAYA

by O. M. Green

London.

THE HASTE with which the new Colonial Secretary, Oliver Lyttelton, went out to Malaya, emphasizes the gravity of the Communist revolution there. After three and a half years it is worse than when it began. According to the latest official returns for this whole period, Communist losses, killed and surrendered, amount to 3,199; the figure for troops, police and civilians killed and missing is 3,539.

Public confidence throughout Malaya in the whole management of the campaign has been shaken; and the Communists have lately developed an alarming new form of offence by slashing rubber trees, and driving laborers from work by threats of crucifixion. Already it is foreseen that Malaya's rubber production this year will be at least 100,000 tons below the estimate in the spring.

Whatever happens in Malaya must have vital reactions on her immediate neighbors—Siam, painfully dependent on security outside her borders; Burma, still regrettably anarchical; and Indonesia, where the Government struggles desperately with Communists, bandits and a corrupt, ignorant officialdom. Through the Straits pass the ships of all the world to or from Japan, Hong Kong, Siam, the South Seas and the Antipodes. Singapore, the "Clapham Junction of the Far East," handled 5,129 cargo ships of a total 13,537,486 tons in 1950.

IF THE COMMUNISTS got control of Malaya, Singapore would fall to them as inevitably as it fell to the Japanese.

Such a calamity, it will be exclaimed, is unthinkable. It should and could be, if the war on the Communists is pushed with ruthless resolution. But there is no time to lose. For the moment China appears to have her hands too full for other enterprises abroad. She is not giving the active help that she gave last autumn to the Viet Minh in Indo-China, where, under General de Lattre de Tassigny's inspiring leadership, the whole position has immeasurably improved.

But the Viet Nam Government is much frightened of the results for itself of an armistice in Korea. Down the Burma Road the Chinese can walk into Burma whenever they please. And it is well known that the Malayan Communists are receiving recruits from China.

Admittedly, the difficulties of the campaign are enormous. To stand fast in the jungle, knowing that invisible enemies may be all round one within a few yards, needs very seasoned and experienced troops. It is noticed that when green National Service men arrive, the tale of "incidents" goes up at once. Small blame, indeed, to them.

Nevertheless it is complained by all that much more could be done with the estimated 10,000 British and Gurkha troops.

The delegates representing all interests in Malaya stressed particularly to Mr. Lyttelton the Federal Government's failure to rouse the Chinese community to the importance of the war for themselves and to enlist their active help. No fewer than 150,000 Malays out of a male population of only 1,000,000 are serving; but of the almost equal Chinese community only 1,500.

Not a few well-to-do Chinese, it is believed, are paying "protection money" to the terrorists, with no sense of wrong but precisely as farmers in China for centuries past have paid "taxes" to the local bandit chief.

The great majority of the Chinese in Malaya are certainly not pro-Communist, but neither are they unduly pro-British. The war, for them, is one between British and Communists.

Such a state of mind is the fruit of many years' neglect. For most of the nineteenth century the Chinese in Malaya were governed by indirect rule through their own "captains." In 1877 British Protectors were appointed who did good work, mostly in settling troubles among the Chinese themselves. But it was only in 1934 that, with the creation of a Secretary for Chinese Affairs for all Malaya and the Straits Settlements, the idea began to dawn in official circles that the Chinese must not be regarded as a separate community needing special treatment.

Yet even now that is the way in which the Chinese of Malaya feel they are regarded. It is still a bitter complaint among them that, in spite of their numbers and commercial importance, they are outnumbered by Malays in the Federal Council, and that even when born in Malaya they are not automatically citizens.

The paucity of men in the Malayan Civil Service who speak Chinese increases the difficulty of repairing the neglect of the past. But through the Malayan Chinese Association, led by Mr. Tan Cheng Lock, there must be a valuable means of approach to all Chinese. On the Malay side, the grand purpose of Dato Onn's new Independence for Malaya Party is to weld both communities together for their common welfare. And there should be plenty of available men from the British Consular Service in China, and from the missionary body, who can speak Chinese. Until local Chinese help can be mobilized, Malaya is fighting with less than half its strength.

—*OFNS*

—Miller

HE HURRIED to Malaya: the new British Colonial Secretary, Capt. Oliver Lyttelton.

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THE TRUE INTERESTS OF U.S.

a plea by George Kennan

GEORGE KENNAN is the U.S.'s leading philosopher-diplomat, and is scheduled to be her next Ambassador to Russia (a rather piquant appointment, if the Kremlin agrees to it, since he is the famous Mr. X, the author of the "containment" policy).

This article of his, condensed by the *Christian Science Monitor* from the State Department's *Foreign Service Journal,* is intended as a corrective to some of the "exalted ideas" of the role of the U.S. in the world which he has been meeting up with on his year's leave of absence:

WHAT WE CALL the American system was founded on the belief that the civil organization of society exists for the individual, and not vice versa. This system is being widely tested and buffeted by the realities of today. We must never forget that even after 175 years it is still an experiment, still unfinished, still must justify itself daily.

The greatest thing America can do for the world is to make a success of what it is doing at home.

This is not a plea for isolationism but a warning against getting unrealistic or exalted ideas about what the United States can accomplish in the world. For example, even should our policies of resistance to Russia be successful, the best we can hope for is that there will be no major war and that over a period of years this may be an easier world in which to live.

Present-day Russia, however, or any country such as Russia, will always be a problem to the United States. We must not be deluded into thinking that just because we coped successfully with one problem at one moment we are immune from other problems rising the next moment. We must not assume that the only world we can live in is a perfect one; nor forget that however impressive the external threat, it is never impressive enough to absolve us from our duty to ourselves and to the improvement of our national life.

NATIONAL INTEREST does not consist of abstractions. In advocating such worthy goals as peace, justice, freedom, we must not assume that in the quarrels that wrack the lives of other peoples in this world there is always a distinguishable moral issue—a right and a wrong. Too often it is hatred pitted against hatred, error against error, treachery against treachery.

But the conduct of governments in international affairs is not the only cause of international instability. The violence and contention occurring within national borders is one of the greatest sources of instability in human affairs.

One must never underestimate the importance in this life of the manner in which a thing is done. It is surprising how grace, assurance, dignity, and good manners make actions and policies acceptable—and vice versa. It is therefore well to think of the conduct of foreign affairs as a problem of style even more than of purpose.

(OUR FIRST NEED, says Kennan, is a realistic appraisal of the danger confronting us. For example: Will the Soviets attack the West? We do not know for sure. But we do know that to act as though war were inevitable and unavoidable, when we have no proof of that assumption, is the best way to substantiate the Soviet thesis that we are aggressors and planning war ourselves, and the best way to bring war nearer.

A second need is certainly the ability to keep cool and to rise above petty irritation. We must repudiate idle invective, empty gestures, and pinpricks in diplomacy.

Thirdly we should exhibit some of this fairness and tolerance at home. We are dealing with extremely complicated problems in foreign affairs. No one has the right to treat as reprobates or criminals those directing American policy because he does not agree with them.)

I THEREFORE PLEAD for concepts of national interest more modest than those with which we are accustomed to flatter our sensibilities: for greater dignity, quietness, and self-discipline in implementation of those concepts. I plead for cool nerves and a clear eye, for the husbanding of our strength, and for an iron self-discipline in refusing to be provoked to use that strength where no plausible end is in sight. I also plead for a return to comradeship and tolerance in public life and public debates, to a recognition that Americans may be wrong without being evil, and that the wrong ones may even conceivably be ourselves.

In such things lies the true glory and true interest of our nation.

—Wide World

RUSSIAN EXPERT GEORGE KENNAN

LET'S LEARN FRENCH BETTER

We're a two-language country – so it does make sense that our English-speaking children should learn to speak French.

by Dennis Healy

JUDGING from conversations, we Canadians are a self-satisfied lot. Long ago, we wrote off most of the peoples of Europe and Asia as being of no account. We can plainly see what is the matter with our British and U.S. friends but we can't see much the matter with ourselves. Can it be that we don't look hard enough?

We live by two great European cultures brought here by our forefathers. Canada has never fought a war of independence against a European motherland. The bonds of friendship and affection which unite us to Britain and France, the treasure with which they have endowed us, make this country unique in the western hemisphere. As long as there is a Canada, we shall never lose touch with Britain or with France and the presence of these two complementary systems of ideas will be a permanent feature of our national life.

SO FAR, they have blended not at all. There is little evidence of interest in, or knowledge of, one another's affairs. Sympathetic understanding of one another's problems is usually regrettably absent. Old differences of opinion about religion and politics divide us still and, instead of standing arm in arm, looking steadfastly in the same direction—as Canadians should—we stand back to back. The best that can be said about the attitude is that it doesn't make for sniping.

Perhaps the time has come for us to decide if it is desirable that a Canadian whose mother tongue is *not* French, know something about that language and something about French Canada. Who could decide? A group of plain, mature, hard-headed Canadians of both sexes (including no so-called experts and very few educators) who would consent to study and answer these questions:

1. Does it make sense to study French in Canadian schools?
2. Is it true that the study of French will give Canadians something valuable *that no other study could give them?*
3. If it does, should every Canadian boy or girl be required to study it?
4. If it does, what is the minimum acceptable standard of proficiency?

MANY PARENTS grumble about the way French is now being taught; that the average high-school student gets no real grasp of the language. They do not understand why it is not as well taught as Mathematics, Physics or Chemistry. What is the matter? Do we lack competent teachers? Are our methods bad?

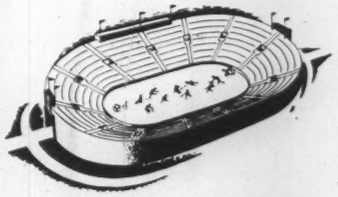
There are scores of excellent teachers of French in Canada. There are also hundreds of unfortunate men and women who have to teach it because it is on the curriculum and because the chore of teaching it has fallen to them. Their protests that they were hired to teach something else and their frank admission that they know nothing about French fall on deaf ears. Teach it they must. To rail at them is idle because they have no choice.

IT IS POSSIBLE to get a good grounding in French in many Canadian schools but the results of the present system are, on the whole, disappointing. Why?

Nobody has satisfactorily defined the object of studying French. What are we trying to do? I contend that the teacher should know precisely where he is going, why, and how he can get there.

As far as methods are concerned, there are two schools of thought. According to the first, the aim in any elementary course in a foreign language is *to teach the student how to read;* according to the other, the student should first learn *to understand the spoken word* and *to speak*, or at least make the sounds, himself.

How people who hold the second view propose to get results using improperly trained teachers who cannot speak French, is a mystery. If we had French-speaking teachers in all our schools, there might be some point to haggling about what should be learned first. At the moment, such discussions are academic. A fact remains: learning French cannot be made a jolly game. The student must work at texts and at grammar if he



is ever going to acquire an understanding of the structure of the language. French-speaking people themselves have to work at them and work hard! Anybody who camouflages the fact that there is patient, honest labor involved in learning the rudiments of a foreign language is either dishonest or he doesn't know what he is talking about.

The problem is further obscured by "specialists" who have invented a jargon to describe every phase of learning a foreign language. To take one example: what on earth does learning a verb "for recognition purposes *only*" mean? Believe me, you know a verb and you can use it, or you don't and you can't. To understand a French sentence you must know the person, tense and mood of the verb besides the meaning of it.

What could be done in our schools? A great deal. First of all, we could stop the sham of pretending to require of a high-school student more than he can produce. When we have discovered how much he can reasonably be asked to learn, we should teach him that amount and demand that he know it.

Teaching methods now in use should be reviewed. Some are traditional and are being perpetuated for the simple reason that teachers have not been provided with special radio programs, gramophone records and films, to mention three of the most obvious teaching aids. Why not use new methods when they are demonstrably more efficient?

IN SEVERAL western European countries, students are taught to read a foreign language intelligently and to speak it simply in the secondary schools. Let's find out how, not with the idea of slavishly imitating their methods but with a view to profiting by their experience and working out something better for ourselves. If Dutchmen, Swedes and Germans can do it, and they do, so can we, providing that our students can be persuaded to make the necessary effort.

I believe it a matter of national importance that French be taught in our schools. It is no remote foreign language, it is the one that our next door neighbor speaks. If our students learn a little French they will bridge a gulf, they will never be able to think of a Canadian who speaks it as some kind of incomprehensible foreigner. That is exactly what we want. We want to fight prejudice. To do the job, we must have properly trained teachers and you can no more improvise a French teacher than you can improvise a surgeon or a naval officer. If you want a French teacher you must: find somebody who can be trained (it requires special aptitudes); train him—which takes time and *costs money;* require him to teach French and not everything under the sun; pay an honest wage.

THOUSANDS of parents would be relieved if the authorities, from St. John's to Victoria, would agree to appointing citizen committees to ventilate this whole question. If they discover that we actually do lack competent French teachers, all that need be done is to turn to Quebec (which, incidentally, makes a better fist of learning our language than we do of learning theirs) and France. If we could send, each year and at no expense to the candidates selected, 100 qualified teachers to Quebec and 100 to France, our problem would be solved in a very few years.

DENNIS HEALY *is Associate Professor, Department of Modern Languages, University of Alberta, Edmonton.*

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BUSINESS

—NFB

EARLY STAGE in atomic energy production: Eldorado miners sorting ore in relation to its mineral content.

INDUSTRY PROFILE

OTTAWA MAKES MONEY ON ELDORADO

by Frank Flaherty

SOMETHING NEW in the relationships between government and business in Canada will develop as the atomic age advances. It is already in process of development as private industry comes to rely more and more on the radioactive aids produced by the Government-owned Eldorado Mining and Refining (1944) Limited.

That organization, which has long been engaged in mining and refining radioactive metals, recently moved into the field of marketing and distributing, and is now moving into the field of manufacturing specialized machinery and equipment. Its mining operations are expanding with the development of the rich uranium deposits at Beaverlodge, Saskatchewan. Its refining operation, now centred at Port Hope, Ont., is going to blossom out with a new refinery at Edmonton.

Charged with exclusive responsibility for processing and marketing radioactive materials, its business is bound to be increasingly important. It is certainly one of Canada's most rapidly growing businesses now and appears destined before long to be one of the country's biggest.

Trade Minister C. D. Howe recently announced that the company would concern itself more actively with applied research and erect a building for that purpose near Ottawa. Mr. Howe forecast that the company would work in close cooperation with private industry, assisting it to make use of radioactive products, particularly the isotopes produced from the atomic piles run by the National Research Council at Chalk River, Ont.

Applied research in the case of radioactive substances involves designing and making equipment. The Cobalt Bomb therapy unit which was recently installed in a London, Ont., hospital, costs about $50,000, half of which is represented by the small blob of radioactive cobalt from the Chalk River atomic pile. The rest of the cost is in the heavy leaden case required to confine the powerful rays emitted by the cobalt and the machinery necessary to manipulate it, and open, close and regulate the aperture through which the rays are directed at cancerous tumors.

Engineers and physicists of Eldorado designed that equipment and made it in their shops.* The London bomb is the prototype of others to come out as rapidly as Cobalt 60 becomes available for that purpose. In producting the cobalt bomb, the biggest and most expensive piece of equipment it sells, Eldorado has moved into the manufacturing business. Whether or not in the future parts of the bomb are sub-contracted to private manufacturers, the crown agency is going to be the real producer.

Isotopes such as Cobalt 60 are already widely used in the petroleum industry, in chemical production, in the manufacture of textiles and in metallurgy. Their use is growing. Eldorado is the only supplier and, in supplying the isotope, also supplies the equipment for its use and, initially at least, the know-how. The company's 165-page catalogue of radioelements and accessories offers a range of materials, equipment and services comparable to those offered by some of the world's largest engineering firms.

Just around the corner are atomic power plants. It is not yet suggested that power from atomic fission is likely to be cheaper than electricity generated from water power or conventional steam plants. that atomic engines will replace gasoline engines in motor cars. But for specialized purposes and, possibly, as standby reserves for emergencies, atomic power will come into use.

If present policies continue, Eldorado will be the sole manufacturer and supplier of the plants themselves and the highly potent fuel in the form of fissionable material, which will run them. It is not impossible to envisage the concern becoming something like the world's principal supplier not merely of atomic fuels but of the equipment for the translation of atomic fuels into power. It will be up to the Canadian Government to decide to what extent Canadian atomic fuels will be made available to the makers and users of power plants not produced by Eldorado.

This Crown Company is already probably the most profitable commercial operation carried on by the Government of Canada. On a capitalization

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

FRANK FLAHERTY *is a member of the Ottawa Press Gallery.*

*Another Cobalt 60 beam therapy unit, constructed by Saskatchewan Cancer Commission physicists, is in operation at the University of Saskatchewan hospital.

STEEPLEJACKS

HOW TO LIVE DANGEROUSLY

by Hal Tracey

"STEEPLEJACKS take over at the end of the 40-foot ladder, where the average builder leaves off."

That's the way Walter Huntley, President of the Toronto Steeplejack Company Limited, describes the kind of jobs worthy of steeplejacks. For steeplejacks are proud and independent tradesmen, who regard themselves a class apart from ordinary building trades workmen.

Steeplejacks are rightly named; they still fix church steeples, and they are jacks of all trades. A steeplejack must be part painter, part mason, part cleaner, part carpenter—in short, he must have a working knowledge of most of the common trades, and a few of the uncommon ones. He must be unafraid of heights, and he must know knots (that is why ex-sailors often make good steeplejacks, says Huntley).

The man who can fill these rather exacting qualifications can make himself a good wage—average about $80 per week with Huntley's outfit, not counting overtime. In addition, Huntley's boys split the salvage value of metal they recover on removal or wrecking jobs.

Steeplejacks work usually in teams of three; two men up and one on the ground. The ground man is also a steeplejack, who can spell off the men working high in the air above him. He is also the "watchdog," and it is his responsibility to keep an eye out for any menace to the safety of the men aloft. It is in the ground position that beginners are placed.

Steeplejacks are usually big men, says Huntley, but they tend to think of themselves as small, probably because of the huge size of most of the projects they work on.

A TYPICAL JOB for steeplejacks would be the removal of a cornice from a tall building. This is the way Huntley's men handle such a job.

First, a rigger goes to the top of the building, getting there as best he can. He takes with him a "heaving line" that reaches from the top to the bottom. With this he pulls up the tackle.

Two "sea hooks" are hooked over the edge at the top of the building. They have an eye at the shank of the hook, to which a shackle bolt is attached. The tackle is suspended from this. There are four lines of tackle on each side supporting a swinging stage. If one line goes, there are still three more to hold the steeplejacks up.

In addition, there are safety lines anchored to something solid on the building which go in two half hitches around the sea hook, and attach to the tackle, so that if the tackle breaks from the sea hook, it is still supported.

Two more safety lines come down from the top of the building in front of the stage, so that if the wind blows the swinging stage from the face of the building, the steeplejacks can grab the lines.

Even with all these precautions, the good steeplejack makes a final test, by hauling the stage about five feet off the ground, and jumping up and down on it, to make sure everything is solid.

When the stage is ready, it is hoisted into the air. Then "dogs" of hard steel are driven into the joints of the building, and ropes tied to one end of them. The other end goes around the tackle ropes. This prevents the stage from swinging away from the building.

Average life of ropes used in the tackle is about a year. They are then used as heaving lines. Before every job, it is the head rigger's responsibility to check on all the tackle. He reverses the ropes on the tackle every so often, so that the greatest strain will be taken up by a different rope. Huntley's men use three-quarter inch manila, treated against damage by acid.

Biggest danger for steeplejacks is over-confidence, and subsequent carelessness. In eight years of operation at Toronto Steeplejacks, Huntley has only lost one man. Ironically enough, he died in a fall of only about 17 feet. Huntley attributes his good accident record to the fact that his tackle is in tip-top shape, and his men are top quality.

Steeplejacking is apparently deeply ingrained in the Huntley blood. Son Charles "Chuck" Huntley, slated to take over the business when his father bows out, is already a top-notch steeplejack. Brother A. W. "Alf" Huntley, with whom he worked at the trade for many years, runs the Huntley Steeplejack Company.

STEEPLEJACK WORK is a young man's game. Average age is about 20 to 35, although a few men last until they are well on in years.

All Huntley's men are covered both by insurance and compensation. Huntley's outfit employs up to 15 men during the summer, when business is booming. The staff in winter, when construction work is slack, is cut down to about eight or nine key men.

Insurance companies charge steeplejacks higher rates than ordinary policy-holders. In fact, the rates they pay with one company put them in the same category as policy-holders on active service on submarine duty, and "shooters," the men actually handling high explosives. They cannot obtain a double indemnity or total disability clause.

By hiring a good steeplejack company, costs can be substantially reduced, says Huntley. As an example, he cites the case of one firm that spent thousands of dollars for metal staging (which Huntley says true steeplejacks do not deign to use), in the removal of a cornice from a building. Huntley and his crew did essentially the same job on another building in much less time and at a much lower cost, using only the swinging stages to which they were accustomed.

Height alone never frightened a good steeplejack, but it has stopped some interested spectators. Huntly cites the case of one photographer who wished to take a picture of steeplejacks at work. The job in hand was on a church steeple, and Huntley invited the photographer to come along. They began the ascent of the tower, winding up at the foot of a somewhat rickety ladder. There the photographer balked. He told Huntley he would go no further.

"Give me your camera, and tell me what to do," said Huntley. He went on up, and got a picture of the steeplejacks at work, and also of the photographer himself, his head out a lower window.

Huntley guarantees his work. He can do so because he still carries out inspections of the work his men are doing.

When he finally retires to his Cooksville farm, he will carry scars and memories of his days as a steeplejack for the rest of his life. Back in the days when he was working with his brother, they took on the job of dismantling two 80-foot smokestacks. One stack threatened to crack the three-inch platform of the swing stage, and sweep them to oblivion. They increased the platform thickness to six inches, and the smokestack still threatened to crack the planks. They finally took it down in two sections. Huntley counts this his most dangerous job.

Or perhaps a happier memory will linger, of the time when his company took more than a ton of soot from the Bank of Commerce smokestack, going down 534 feet into it. They came up from that one looking like end men in a minstrel show.

—Turofsky

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DIVIDEND NO. 260

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS per share, plus an EXTRA FIVE CENTS per share, on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st January 1952 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after FRIDAY, the FIRST day of FEBRUARY 1952, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 31st December 1951. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board
JAMES STEWART
General Manager

Toronto, 7th December 1951

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

DIVIDEND NOTICE

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held today a final dividend of seventy-five cents per share on the Ordinary Capital Stock was declared in respect of the year 1951, payable in Canadian funds on February 29, 1952, to shareholders of record at 3 p.m. on December 28, 1951.

Of this dividend twenty-five cents is attributable to railway earnings and fifty cents to income from other sources.

By Order of the Board.

FREDERICK BRAMLEY,
Secretary.

Montreal, December 10, 1951.

PRAIRIE SPELLBINDER

Farmers' Wheat Pool Apostle Returns

by William Metcalfe

LAST MONTH Aaron Sapiro came back to western Canada. To many Canadians perhaps the name means nothing now, but it was magic once. It was magic on the prairies in the twenties when the very mention of it was enough to drain the power of sober judgment from a farmer's mind and substitute visions of riches and power such as no ordinary wheat producer had ever had before. It was the name of the great Messiah from the United States, the leader who was going to create a new heaven on earth for the western Canadian farmer by putting the gamblers of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange in their place and by forcing the world's wheat buyers to pay, not their niggardly price, but the price the farmer wanted, for his wheat.

—Les Doherty

AARON SAPIRO

It is nearly 28 years since Sapiro first moved across the western plains. A whole generation of farmers has appeared that was not even alive when he set the prairie grass on fire. But for those who can remember him and the times in which he moved, even the passage of all those intervening years has not overly dimmed the remarkable chapter which he wrote in Canadian history.

He was a spellbinder of the first order, a man who, except perhaps for William Aberhart, was without peer in prairie experience in his ability to sway men's minds, or rather to transfer their thinking from their minds to their emotions. He was able to bend some of our farm leaders to his will. And some of those who had the courage to oppose him found themselves—such was his power over the rank and file—cast into outer darkness.

The intoxicating gospel that he preached set the farmers off on the biggest economic jag in the story of the west. Before the party ended, it had brought the prairie wheat pools to the edge of bankruptcy. They were saved by the Governments of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta which, in turn, were rescued from collapse only by the intervention of the Federal Government. The spree left a hangover of wheat surpluses and lost markets that paralyzed western agriculture for years; its after-effects are still to be observed in the thinking of some farm leaders.

Sapiro was brought here from the United States, where he had been active in organizing contract pools, to help in the organization of the prairie wheat pools.

Sapiro at once began presenting his basic formula to the farmers. Stripped of excess detail it was a recipe for monopoly control, by the farmers themselves, of grain marketing. The steps were to go like this: Organize a pool, signing up a large number of the farmers to long-term wheat delivery contracts; having thus gained working control over supply, the next step would be to feed the wheat into the market so as not to upset the price; and if the price was not satisfactory to farmers then the pool would simply hold the grain off the market; buyers eventually would need it badly enough to bid the price up to the required level.

In selling this particular brand of magic to the farmers, Sapiro never tired of telling them that this was the way the big companies did things. These industrial giants, he charged didn't sit humbly back and take the buyer's price. They manufactured their goods and then placed only enough on the market to keep the price at their figure. They stored the rest until the buyers were compelled to pay the asking price for their supplies.

This, said Sapiro, is what the farmers should do, with the sellers, not the buyers, dictating the price. And that is exactly what the pools set out to do. The result was the debacle of 1928-30 when the pools held millions and millions of bushels of wheat off the market in order to force a higher price, only to see an ocean of competing wheat from other nations, particularly Argentina, pour into our former markets. The Argentine farmers, it seems, hadn't heard of the big business analogy.

Prices collapsed. The pools, caught in an overpayment on their initial price to farmers and with a huge surplus of high-priced wheat on their hands, collapsed too. They were able to save their physical properties only through the governmental intervention already noted. Thoroughly chastened and with their fill of Aaron Sapiro and his theories, the pool leaders abandoned the idea of trying to market their own wheat and from that day forward they have operated as grain handlers only.

EVER SINCE that great collapse, as far as the pool leaders are concerned, the Sapiro formula has been a dead duck. But with many rank and file poolers and the farm protest groups it has never been entirely lifeless. When J. L. Phelps, President of the Saskatchewan Farmers Union, demands a producers' marketing board and when he says that farmers must fix it so they can "put their own price tag on their own products," he is preaching the straight Sapiro gospel.

Thus it was a natural development this month that the disciple should bring the Messiah back from long exile in the United States to spread the word at the conventions of the Saskatchewan and Manitoba Farmers Unions. The idea, of course, was to see if the old magic was still powerful enough to start another prairie fire.

So far, the grass seems to be pretty damp.

INSURANCE

Inland Transportation

IT IS NOT unusual for goods to be transported by three or more different methods. They leave the factory on a truck. They are taken to the express office where they are sent by train, and a further journey by water is not unusual.

To meet the various perils and risks to which goods in transport were confronted, inland-transportation insurance was evolved. Different hazards were involved in the different forms of transportation and, consequently, different forms of coverage were required.

A VERY broad liability on the carrier was established in an early English court case, and the principles laid down, with a few reasonable exceptions since created by Statute Law, still govern in the Common Law.

"The liability of the carrier, in the case referred to, was that the carrier, if he is to have a reward for the carriage of goods, 'is bound to answer for the goods at all events . . .'"

While there are certain perils or risks which he cannot see, and consequently is incapable of averting, nevertheless the carrier is still liable when loss or damage results directly from his negligence. He is liable when his lack of proper care and prudence would have prevented or minimized the loss or damage.

"ACTS OF GOD" which would include cloudburst, lightning, windstorm, and similar perils, are beyond the control of the carrier, although underwriters have extended coverage to include some of these perils. Risks of war, insurrection, confiscation or destruction by order of public authority are also among perils which cannot be averted by the carrier.

In a broad sense the transportation policy will reimburse the owner of the property for losses that occur while the goods being transported are in the custody of others. Such policies may be extended to include shipments of the insured's own goods on his own trucks. There are many forms of transportation insurance, each one tailored to fit the circumstances of an individual shipper.

—Douglas R. Weston

THE MARKET: IMPERIAL OIL LTD.

EARNINGS AND PROSPECTS

by George Armstrong

AT THE END of 1946 Imperial Oil was a refining and distributing company engaged in a peaceful routine of keeping its customers happy and growing with the country. Its stock had a normal trading range of 12 to 18—1946 was about an average year in this respect. The stock market at that time placed an evaluation of about $380 million on Imperial—a lot of money, but there seemed only average prospects for capital appreciation.

Crude oil was a commodity that was purchased as required. A large stake was held in International Petroleum, a producer of crude oil, but it was far away. Control of Royalite had been held for years, but Turner Valley had passed its peak and Imperial had spent over $20 million on wildcats in Western Canada without having any luck.

Then, in February 1947, Imperial discovered Leduc, followed by Redwater in 1948. The doldrums were over. The oil boom was on. Imperial, first in the race for Western crude, meant to keep its position. Oil exploration costs money. The interest in Pete was sold for $80 million. Royalite went on the auction block for $14 million. Foothills and Lowery were sold for $10 million.

All of these sales proved subsequently to have been at bargain levels but Imperial needed the money. Debentures totalling $50 million were sold. The majority of this was spent in acquiring additional acreage and developing it. Just recently, at 45, Imperial stock had a market valuation of nearly $1¼ billion or three times what it was worth five years ago. A brief summary of the record may give the reason for this increase in market value of more than $800 million.

Originally incorporated in 1880, Imperial, a subsidiary of Standard Oil Co. (NJ), which owns 70 per cent of the stock, is the largest unit in the Canadian field. Together with its subsidiaries, it is a fully integrated enterprise engaging in the production, refining, transportation and marketing of petroleum and petroleum products.

OIL RESERVES amounted to only 19 million barrels at the end of 1945 but are now estimated by the company at about 590 million barrels, of which 97 per cent is located in Alberta. This figure is believed to be conservative.

DEVELOPMENT of crude production in Alberta has made it possible for Imperial to supply 29 per cent of its own refinery requirements whereas, prior to discovery of the Leduc field, it purchased over 99 per cent of its crude oil requirements. Currently Imperial is obtaining 44 per cent of its crude from Canada, 22 per cent from the U.S., 26 per cent from South America and 8 per cent from the Middle East.

REFINERIES: Imperial owns and operates nine refineries in Canada with total rated capacity of approximately 202,050 barrels daily. Since the end of 1945 over $50 million has been spent on refinery properties and further large scale expansion is planned. It is estimated that capital additions and exploration expenditures will involve about $75 million for the full year 1951 and a further $90 million in 1952.

TRANSPORTATION: The Interprovincial Pipe Line expands the market for Alberta crude. It stretches 1,180 miles from Redwater, Alta., to Superior, Wis. Cost was approximately $90 million. Imperial Oil retains a one-third interest in the pipeline company.

Imperial has also, in conjunction with others, entered into arrangements with Trans Mountain Oil Pipe Line Company for the construction of a 24" pipeline from Edmonton to Vancouver, at an estimated cost of $80 million. Providing the necessary permits are obtained, completion is scheduled by 1954.

IN ADDITION to the foregoing, Imperial, through its subsidiaries, owns or has an interest in over 1,200 miles of trunk and gathering lines. It also owns and operates a fleet of 14 lake and river tankers. It operates, under charter, two vessels which will transport in 1951 approximately 5.5 million barrels of crude oil from the Pipe Line terminal to Sarnia. A third tanker is now under construction. Eight ocean-going tankers are operated by subsidiaries and others under charter, while 2,380 tank cars are also owned.

DISTRIBUTION: Products of Imperial Oil are distributed throughout Canada through more than 1,440 bulk plants and warehouses. Imperial owns 857 retail outlets and supplies over 8,000 others under contract.

FINANCING: Funds for exploration and capital expenditures have come from (1) retained earnings, (2) annual provisions for depreciation, depletion and amortization, (3) sale of shares of subsidiary companies, (4) borrowings. Expenditures for exploration and capital additions totalled about $75 million for 1951, and may reach $90 million in 1952. On November 16, 1951, Imperial offered rights to its shareholders to purchase one share for each ten shares held at $29.50 per share. This involves the issue of 2,713,384 additional common shares and will provide Imperial with about $80 million for the foregoing expenditures.

THERE WILL then be outstanding 29,847,227 shares of no par value common stock. In addition, funded debt outstanding consists of $10 million, 2½% serial debentures, due 1952-59, and $40 million 3% sinking fund debentures due Dec. 15, 1969. There is no preferred stock.

EARNINGS AND DIVIDENDS: Between 1928 and 1949 Imperial exhibited a very stable earnings record varying between a low of 53c and a high of 99c per share. In 1950 a new record was set of $1.12 per share. For the first nine months of 1951, 94.3c was earned, compared with 90.1c for the same 1950 period despite the fact that third quarter results at 27.5c per share were sharply lower than the 49.6c shown a year ago. This was due almost entirely to seasonal conditions. The fourth quarter is expected to show better results, which will mean another record for 1951.

An unbroken dividend record is a feature of Imperial Oil. Since 1941 the rate has been 50c per share per annum. Heavy expenditures have limited the amounts available for distribution to shareholders, but a modest increase was made in 1950 to 55c a share and to 65c a share in 1951.

THE QUESTION that any investor must ask himself is this, "Is Imperial Oil worth what it is selling for today?"

The book value subsequent to the recent financing would be about $12 per share. Oil reserves of 590 million barrels at $1.00 per barrel adds $20 a share. The market is evaluating the land held at about $7 an acre —high by all previous standards in Canada, but low in comparison to wildcat acreage in the Southwestern States.

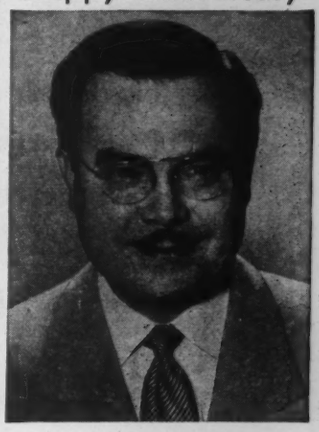
Perhaps the best answer to the question is furnished by Standard Oil, which has announced that it will exercise its Imperial Oil "rights" involving an outlay of $56 million. Never one to buy for the short term or a narrow margin of profit, it is clear that in buying the new Imperial Oil stock at 29½, Standard Oil expects eventually to receive a good deal more than the current market price of 38. Past records show that Standard Oil has almost invariably been correct in its judgment, although the waiting period has frequently been long and painful.

GEORGE ARMSTRONG *is Director of Canadian Business Service.*

—Collins in Montreal Gazette

FEARLESS FOSDICK

Happy Anniversary



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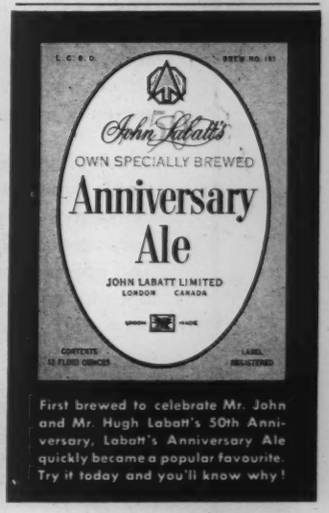
From Halifax to Victoria, the many thousands who have danced to the music of Mart Kenney and his Western Gentlemen will want to join in congratulating Canada's best-known band leader on his 20th Anniversary in the entertainment world. *So light! So Smooth!* That's the accolade Canadians reserve for Labatt's Anniversary Ale. For anniversaries and other glad occasions,* Labatt's Anniversary Ale, with its distinct lightness, is the ideal refreshment. Try this golden brew yourself. You'll find a full measure of body and character in every glass and you'll *always* enjoy its special lightness and smoothness. John Labatt Limited.



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DIVIDEND NO. 127

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Ten Cents per share on the issued capital stock of the Company, will be paid on the twenty-fifth day of January, 1952, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the twenty-first day of December, 1951.

By order of the Board.

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SATURDAY NIGHT'S

Analyses of Canadian
and World Business

Imperial Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND NO. 246

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Thirty Cents (30c) per share has been declared for the quarter ending 31st January, 1952, payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Friday, the 1st day of February next, to shareholders of record of 31st December, 1951.

By order of the Board.

L. S. MACKERSY,
General Manager.

Toronto, 12th December, 1951.

BUSINESS COMMENT

THE INCREDIBLE SPENDER

by P. M. Richards

WE ALL know that governments—necessarily—spend more than they used to. But do any of us realize how much more? For an extreme example, let's take the United States, the world's biggest government, biggest spender.

For the current fiscal year ending in June, 1952, the U.S. Government's budget calls for expenditures of about $72 billion. However, the Congress approved expenditures approaching $100 billion, and it is seriously proposed that the budget for the ensuing fiscal year shall total $90 billion or more.

In case, because we've become accustomed to talk of billions, those figures don't seem out of the way, consider this fact: that from the inauguration of President George Washington to that of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the U.S. Government collected in taxes a total of $91.6 billion. It now contemplates spending this amount of money in one year!

Spending money at the rate of $90 billion a year means spending $7.5 billion per month, $250 million per day, $31 million per hour (assuming an 8-hour day), and almost $500 thousand per minute. It might be supposed that this would be difficult, but the very hugeness of the U.S. budget seems to encourage prodigality. Recently a Congressional committee investigating governmental expenditures found that clerks who made out purchase orders for supplies averaged only two orders per clerk per day, and that though most of the purchase orders were for less than $20 each, the average cost of putting each order through was $7.06 in the case of the Treasury Department, $9.95 for the Department of the Interior and $13.98 for the Bureau of the Mint. Extreme examples: the U.S. National Park Service paid 50 cents for a magazine subscription, but with "procurement charges," the total cost to the budget was $13.89. The Bureau of Reclamation purchased a box of drinking cups for $2.45, which with "administrative costs" totalled $17.35.

I don't know how this kind of thing compares with the Korean War and atom-bomb-making as a cost-builder but it must help a lot. A question that arises: how does Ottawa's record compare?

Transition Strains

CANADA enters 1952 at the most difficult period of our transition from a peace to a war preparedness economy. Defence and defence-supporting undertakings are making heavier demands on our productive system, before projected increases in supply of scarce materials have become effective. We are still acutely short of steel, with domestic production substantially below requirements and little available from abroad. Steel enters into so much production that the lack of it affects a very big part of Canadian business.

Enlargements of capacity now under way by Canadian steel plants will increase our domestic production about 30 per cent, but this increase will not become effective until next autumn and the early part of 1953. Until then there will be a deficiency which can only be made good at the expense of non-essential manufacturers. Because of this, steel distribution is now being more closely controlled by Ottawa, and the spots of unemployment becoming rather painfully apparent here and there are due in large measure to the resulting enforced cutbacks in production of civilian goods.

Any early improvement in the steel supply situation can apparently only result from savings that might be made by Ottawa through greater efficiency in distribution. No doubt there will be such savings. But Canada is under pressure to increase her contribution to Western defence, and this, together with the continued seriousness of the world political situation, suggests that no substantial easing of steel supplies can reasonably be expected this year.

The period immediately ahead of us is going to be one of additional strains, which will be a test of our national morale and sense of duty. However, Canadians will still be immeasurably better off than the peoples of most other countries. And we have the comforting thought that, behind the current tightening, our long-term economic expansion is proceeding unabated, to give us in time a wider, stronger basis for prosperity.

BC's Giant Strides

THE NUMBER of important new enterprises now under way in Canada is truly remarkable, as shown in an article in last week's SATURDAY NIGHT by Michael Barkway. Every prov-

GUARANTY TRUST
Company of Canada
66th CONSECUTIVE DIVIDEND

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of thirteen and three-quarter cents per share, being at the rate of 5½% per annum, has been declared on the paid-up capital stock of the Company, for the quarter year ending December 31st, 1951, payable January 15th, 1952, to shareholders of record at the close of business December 31st, 1951. By order of the Board.

J. WILSON BERRY
President & General Manager

ince is sharing in these growth developments, but British Columbia's showing is the most astonishing. A Canadian Press dispatch gives this list of BC's 1951 developments:

Aluminum Co. of Canada started its $550 million project in the northern wilderness.

Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. at Trail began preliminary work on a $30 million hydro-electric plant on the Pend d'Oreille River, twelve miles from Trail.

Brought into production in 1951 were a $35 million cellulose plant near Prince Rupert, a $19 million sulphate mill near Nanaimo on Vancouver Island.

Still under construction is a $40 million newsprint mill at Duncan Bay on Vancouver Island. Last month the two companies building the mill announced that a new $21 million pulp plant is planned for the same area. Another $11 million is being spent for newsprint plant expansion at Powell River. Also in December the Board of Transport Commissioners approved an $80 million oil pipeline project from Edmonton to Vancouver via the Rocky Mountains.

In addition to the dam, Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. began to lay out $35 million on plant expansion for base metals and chemicals.

Cellulose Co. of BC, builders of the Prince Rupert plant, were reported about to start a $75 million pulp project in the interior Kootenays.

Undeniably, that is progress.

ELDORADO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

of $16,635,000 its profit in 1950 was $1,160,000. Out of that it paid the Federal Treasury a dividend of $15 per share on the 70,500 issued shares.

Publicly-owned business enterprises in Canada have hitherto fallen into two categories: permanent operations, usually public utilities, providing a specific and more or less standardized service; and temporary operations, usually involving the production of materials needed for national defence where there is no peacetime market. In the former class fall the ubiquitous provincially - controlled hydro systems, the Canadian National Railways and municipally-owned transport systems. In the latter group are to be found such things as a tungsten mine in British Columbia, whose output is needed for defence and which does not attract private capital seeking permanently secure profits.

Eldorado doesn't fit in either category. Its services can't be standardized. They are highly complex and so are the products it offers. It is by no means temporary, and it would be highly profitable in private hands. Its management and control may present new problems because as a Government enterprise with a monopoly in its field, it is not going to be subject to all the pressure of competition which keeps private businesses alert to the needs of the public. As a caterer to a wide range of specialized needs of industry the quality of its service is not going to be open to the scrutiny of the public as is the service provided by a Government-owned railway or radio station.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

General Statement

30th November, 1951

ASSETS

Notes of and deposits with Bank of Canada	$ 208,266,423.28
Other cash and bank balances	141,504,966.56
Notes of and cheques on other banks	138,286,049.43
Government and other public securities, not exceeding market value	966,599,447.51
Other bonds and stocks, not exceeding market value	112,814,278.72
Call and short loans, fully secured	57,127,893.68
Total quick assets	$1,624,599,059.18
Other loans and discounts, after full provision for bad and doubtful debts	790,892,934.40
Bank premises	19,508,884.13
Liabilities of customers under acceptances and letters of credit	73,925,750.72
Other assets	6,718,580.25
	$2,515,645,208.68

LIABILITIES

Notes in circulation	$ 155,987.46
Deposits	2,350,314,347.75
Acceptances and letters of credit outstanding	73,925,750.72
Other liabilities	1,615,751.06
Total liabilities to the public	$2,426,011,836.99
Capital	35,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	52,000,000.00
Dividends payable	1,607,217.79
Balance of Profit and Loss Account	1,026,153.90
	$2,515,645,208.68

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Profits for the year ended 30th November, 1951, after making appropriations to Contingency Reserves, out of which Reserves full provision for bad and doubtful debts has been made		$12,983,064.61
Provision for Dominion and provincial government taxes	$5,276,000.00	
Provision for depreciation of bank premises	1,400,949.75	6,676,949.75
		$ 6,306,114.86
Dividends at the rate of $1.00 per share	$3,500,000.00	
Extra distribution at the rate of 20¢ per share	700,000.00	4,200,000.00
Amount carried forward		$ 2,106,114.86
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1950		920,039.04
		$ 3,026,153.90
Transferred to Reserve Fund		2,000,000.00
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1951		$ 1,026,153.90

JAMES MUIR, President

T. H. ATKINSON, General Manager

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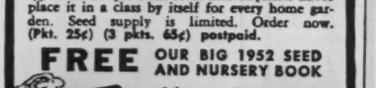

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BOOK REVIEWS

WITH CYNICISM AND CANDOR

By John L. Watson

LORD CHESTERFIELD AND HIS WORLD—by Samuel Shellabarger—*McClelland & Stewart*—$6.00.

DR. SHELLABARGER'S study of Chesterfield first appeared in England in the '30's, in the hostile atmosphere of economic depression and before the author had acquired his present reputation as a creator of lusty, full-bosomed romantic fiction ("Captain from Castile," "The Prince of Foxes," etc.). Now it has been re-issued in a new and handsome dress — directed, one presumes, to a more tolerant and sophisticated audience.

"Lord Chesterfield and His World" is a precise and scholarly document which will disappoint those who expect either a rowdy romance or a sour condemnation. Dr. Shellabarger has not made the mistake of trying to interpret the conventional Chesterfield of Victorian morality; he sees in him the true representative of his age—an age which regarded the facts of life with undisguised cynicism and unhypocritical candor.

Chesterfield worshipped success and he achieved a good measure of it: he was a Member of Parliament at 21 and became Leader of the Opposition and Secretary of State; he served as Ambassador to The Hague and as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; he was a renowned debater and a prolific writer whose devastating wit was both admired and feared. He might have risen even higher in the councils of state if he had not been so openly contemptuous of the Hanoverian dynasty.

Whatever he achieved he achieved with dignity; he knew which rules could be broken and which had to be obeyed; if he had no morals in the conventional sense, he had an instinct for good form and a lively appreciation of that careful synthesis of rectitude and roguery that characterized the 18th century man of affairs.

While in The Hague Chesterfield added to his formidable list of conquests that of a mediocre upper servant named Elizabeth du Bouchet, who as a result had the misfortune to conceive a son. It was to this boy that Chesterfield wrote the famous letters which are his chief title to immortality—the letters which constitute the most remarkable treatise on the formula for material success since Machiavelli wrote "The Prince" but which failed, for all their cynical wisdom, to produce in the person of their recipient anything more than a loutish nonentity.

Dr. Shellabarger obviously has a profound understanding of the 18th century world; he appreciates its cosmopolitan culture, its exquisite manners and its unwavering devotion to the ideals of Reason and Common Sense; but he is not by any means blind to its cynicism and its emotional sterility. He sees "the ordeal of Philip Stanhope," Chesterfield's mawkish protégé, as a perfect illustration of the age's shortcomings—its fundamental lack of understanding about the true nature of the human spirit.

—L. V. Johnson
SAMUEL SHELLABARGER

In spite of a certain unfashionable sententiousness and a tendency to overwork the rhetorical question, Dr. Shellabarger's book is a scholarly, entertaining and illuminating portrait of a man who "had looked at life steadily, and had followed Reason, the only star he could see."

Whip of Hunger?

by B. K. Sandwell

THE NEW SOCIETY—by E. H. Carr—*Macmillan*—$1.75.

WHILE Professor Carr is quite sure that in the modern progressive state the old "economic whip of hunger" is obsolete and impracticable—the whipped donkey would kick the cart to pieces—he is quite frank to admit that the new society has not yet devised "some form of sanction for a direction of labor" to take its place, and that such a device is badly needed.

—"The New Society"
EDWARD HALLETT CARR

It will have to be developed by the workers themselves, and he excuses their failure to do so by the fact that they are not yet convinced that the whip of hunger is abandoned, which sounds like a rather thin explanation. Anyhow there you are; not enough is being produced in Britain because not enough work is being done. The "mass democracy" of Britain had better hurry up and develop that élite leadership which Professor Carr sees as necessary to its proper functioning.

The élite may be able to induce the mass to work before the shortage of goods caused by its own addiction to leisure makes it once again hungry.

Shimmering Pageant

by Melwyn Breen

THE PRODIGAL FATHER—by Edith Saunders—*Longmans, Green*—$4.25.

THE YEAR that Alexandre Dumas *père* published "The Three Musketeers" and "The Count of Monte Cristo"—1844—also saw his publication of nearly 40 other octavo volumes, most of them needing, besides straight copying out, a great deal of research. Enquiries into this prodigious (and suspicious) output led to an investigation of the affairs of one of the most charming, most delightful novelists of all time. Because of the phenomenal success of "Monte Cristo," no other writers could claim much attention from the Parisian public. What could have been more simple, then, for Dumas to buy up all the rejected manuscripts, sign them, and sell them to avid editors? Then there was a battery of clerks turning out Dumas works in assembly-line fashion: one to research, one to plot, one to draft chapters, one to write the first draft and, finally, Dumas *père* to add the inimitable Dumas flavor by way of icing. The story rocked Paris—with laughter—and it continued to buy his books.

This is but one of a thousand stories that Miss Saunders tells about the elder Dumas. But woven into the fabric of her fascinating novel-like biography is the story of Alexandre Dumas *fils* whose idyllic affair with the courtesan, Marie Duplessis, was to inspire the most famous play of the century, "La Dame aux Camellias" which in turn was to lead him into the play and novel-writing career that matched and surpassed his father's own brilliant successes.

Dumas *père*, for all his hackwork, was an indefatigable worker, a man who kept a bowl of money in his huge Chateau Monte Christo where friends and friends of friends could help themselves. He was a man flambuoyantly exhibitionist, brilliantly witty, an excellent cook. He shed mistresses as easily as waistcoats in an age when the courtesan followed a profession, if not as respectable, certainly as ubiquitous as governing—

and infinitely more profitable. He was a loving but neglectful father who brought his son up to worship him without respect, to adore him without forgiving.

Dumas *fils'* work as a result carried a vein of cynicism, unlike his father's, and during the Second Empire—when his career reached its height and his father's its eclipse—he turned reformer. Having written what was, in effect, the first in the series of plays and books about the tart with the heart of gold that still seems inexhaustible, he tried to turn to a denunciation of the courtesan and to an interest in uplift. He failed: the prostitutes and courtesans to whom he pointed out the errors of their ways remembered his Lady of the Camellias and identified themselves proudly with her.

Color, pageantry, scholarship and humor, all are within the reach of the chronicler of this brilliant time. Happily, Miss Saunders has a perfect ability to evaluate their worth. The result is a book as fresh and as magical as one's first stroll from the Garden of the Tuileries to the Arc de Triomphe—and as much to interest every moment.

In All Tranquillity

by Mary Lowrey Ross

A BREEZE OF MORNING—by Charles Morgan —*Macmillan*—$2.25.

THIS is a gentle lyrical novel which sets out to recapture, in its original terms, a boy's first awareness of love.

Its period is the turn of the present century, and its characters are a group of young people in love—Ann who loves her cousin Howard; Howard, who falls in love with Rose Letterby, the Squire's daughter; and David, the 14-year-old narrator, who recognizes, far too acutely for his age, the troubling presence of passion in all three.

David too is in love with Rose and divided between an adolescent's first adoration and his loyalty to his sister Ann and his friend Howard. He is a schoolboy working towards a scholarship and his mind is filled with Latin poetry and Greek myth, which heightens and transfigures the relations around him.

Actually they are minor passions, hardly more than the light collisions of polite people moving in a mist. Howard's love for Rose isn't compelling enough to make him abandon his ambitions and his briefs for an impoverished marriage. Rose marries Lord Comeragh, who holds, without vulgarly pressing, the mortgage on her father's estate. Ann waits passively for her diverted love to return to her. There is little grief or wildness, and the poetic vision is perfectly at home with a sense of the rightness of practical arrangement.

This is the story a sensitive adolescent might write if he could possess himself of the long perspective of age. It is also an experiment in recapturing, in age, the fresh and poignant vision of youth. This is a complex task and the final result, as the writer himself suggests, is "a water-color sketch" of emotions recollected in tranquillity. It is charming, dreamlike, and, except in its conclusions, a little insubstantial.

—Joan Hassall

"THE PRODIGAL FATHER"

—Francis Lee Jaques

"AS FAR AS THE YUKON"

Boss's Bodyguard

by Thaddeus Kay

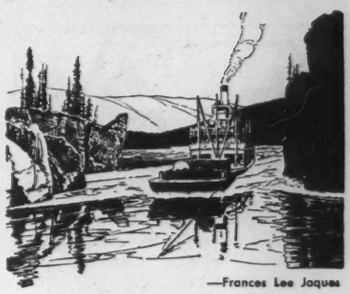
I WAS CHURCHILL'S SHADOW — by W. H. Thompson—*Ryerson*—$3.50.

BY RIGHTS, this should have been a passably dull book. Ex-detective inspectors don't write very well, and from-the-background accounts of history-making events are apt to ring pretty hollowly.

For some reason, Mr. Thompson's story of his many years as Churchill's personal bodyguard makes most interesting reading, despite fairly pedestrian prose and such extraordinary notions as that the U.S. national anthem is "The Stars and Stripes."

The reason is probably first that the things the author experienced with his illustrious charge were so dramatic that they can't help holding the reader's interest, and second that Mr. Thompson, while a fervent admirer of the PM, is under no illusions about him.

The book might best be read alongside Churchill's own current history of the war as he saw it. Thompson was with him through it all, and was on the outside looking in, as it were. The difference in viewpoint adds a three-dimensional quality to the two accounts.



—Frances Lee Jaques

"AS FAR AS THE YUKON"

Style and Sparkle

by Jack Lewis

AS FAR AS THE YUKON — by Florence Page Jaques, illustrated by Francis Lee Jaques—*Musson*—$4.50.

WHEN the footloose and fancy-free Jaques, whose travels around North America have resulted in a number of gay and charming books, resolved to settle down permanently in a New York country house, they couldn't resist the temptation to have one last fling; so they decided to go as far as the Yukon—and, just to add to the fun, to go via Texas and California. They obviously had a wonderful time and their enjoyment is conveyed to the reader in full measure.

Mrs. Jaques writes in a gay and unaffected style about trees and flowers, wild animals and wild people; Mr. Jaques' crisp, sparkling black-and-white drawings are exquisite.

Devilish Cunning

by Willson Woodside

BRAINWASHING IN RED CHINA—by Edward Hunter—*Copp Clark*—$4.50.

THE CHINESE call it "brainwashing"—washing the old ideas out of people's heads and washing in a whole set of new ones. How this is being done with all the students of Red China and all the leadership cadres throughout the country, with fanatical persistence and diabolically calculated methods, is described by the veteran Far East correspondent Edward Hunter in the best account this reviewer has seen of what is really happening inside China today.

If you are one of those who have believed that the Communists could never make over the Chinese, whose natural trading instincts have seemed to be as strong as their family ties, you owe it to yourself to read this study, compiled from interviews with scores of recent refugees, from all classes and all parts of China.

Rewarding Goal

by Rica Farquharson

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF CHILD STUDY — by the Staff of the Institute of Child Study — *University of Toronto Press*—$4.00.

THIS IS a book for thinkers of all types but especially for thinking parents. It owes its life-blood to William E. Blatz, MA, MB, PhD, who started to baby sit as soon as he could sit. It not only maps out a road to maturity: it tells how Dr. Blatz blazed that trail. Unpopularity and ridicule were often this Canadian's companions, 25 years ago, on the hazardous path which has led to a position of love, respect and an international reputation in his chosen infant science.

Professor Blatz was prophetic.

"Twenty-five Years of Child Study" was prepared, as a surprise, by associates who caught and magnified his vision. He is Director of Institute of Child Study, Professor of Psychology, University of Toronto, Director Windy Ridge School, Consultant to Juvenile Court, Toronto, Director Canadian Psychological Association, author of "Parents and Pre-School Child" and other texts on what President Sidney E. Smith, terms in foreword, "the major subject on the domestic curriculum of every parent." He adds: "The main contribution of Child Study to the University is that it has helped to make the ideal of the university as a community of scholars a reality."

"Life is not fulfillment, but fulfilling" is basic in the Blatz school. His philosophy of child training has changed little during the quarter-century: changes being more refinements, expansion, clarification, than in fundamental principles.

Here, for the first time, a wealth of material is available on findings of groups of children observed, reported upon from pre-school age to adulthood. Goals, growth of Nursery Education, Activities and Aims and complete documentation in last chapters, build a rich and readable book.

In view of the recognition that present day social chaos has resulted from past ignorance of social learning, it is, perhaps, significant that Canada is a leader in research into human understanding. Such painstaking efforts may make a tremendous contribution towards world understanding.

Gentle Snobbery

by Marjorie Wilkins Campbell

THE DUKE'S DAUGHTER—by Angela Thirkell —*British Book Service*—$3.00.

SOME WRITERS produce quality. Some turn out quantity. Not many achieve both quality and quantity, and Angela Thirkell probably would be the first to say that she isn't an exception. She would be right. But only partly so.

"The Duke's Daughter" (her 26th book) is another of the voluble Barsetshire yarns, all wool and a yard wide. And that's the trouble with it for this reader. Too much wool. Too many and too involved paragraphs. Too many sentences reminiscent of a skein. Which is regrettable, for twisted into the fabric of this picture of contemporary English county life are several pleasant romances. The story is full of warmth and good humor with here and there a penetrating barb of wit, like a thistle in a a tweed jacket.

That's it—a tweed jacket. If you have days to spend on it, "The Duke's Daughter" will entertain you. In time the gentle snobbery begins to fit comfortably. You can even adjust your mental posture to the knowingly cut literary style of a slower paced society.

Writers & Writing

■ ANN BRIDGE is bafflingly versatile. Literary Guild announces as February selection "The Dark Moment", novel about wealthy, titled Turkish family whose younger members joined revolt against old regime under Mustafa Kemal Ataturk. Miss Bridge, author, is wife of a British diplomat noted for thorough scholarship in researching backgrounds on modern Turkey; is a world traveller, noted mountain climber and her work with excavations in Scotland, Wales, France and Spain won invitation to be a Fellow of Society of Antiquaries, Scotland.

■ Two Ryerson Books that should be on every Canadian writer's book shelf, according to our strictly personal thinking are: "The Parliament of Canada" by GEORGE HAMBLETON: history, and explanation of the working, of the House of Commons, Cabinet, Senate, and Press Gallery with informative chapters of comparison between Canadian and U.S. governments; and "Canadian Law", by W. H. JENNINGS, which informs on points of law that may come up in any character's life.

■ Rare bits of Canadiana are coming to light in the process of cataloguing all Canadian collections of books at the Bibliographic Centre in Ottawa.

BLISS CARMAN published a book of verse in 1907 at the Village Press, New York called "Gate of Peace." First edition was 112 copies. Except for a few copies, probably in Carman's own possession, the entire edition was burned. In the library of University of New Brunswick, a signed presentation copy turned up.

This Canadian Bibliographic Centre is nucleus of the National Library, established in Archives under direction of DR. WILLIAM KAYE LAMB. The young women making the general catalogue are enthusiastic and take great delight in finding special items in the microfilmed card indexes flowing in to them from all across Canada.

■ Item for Cold Spine Department: ELLERY QUEEN is starting 1952 with Calendar of Crime, a book of adventures based on holiday associations of each month of the year.

Wonder what J. V. MCAREE thinks about this or is it too elementary, my dear Fourth Columnist?

■ New edition of classic "The Young Visiters" by DAISY ASHFORD, which Clarke Irwin has received from England, is enchantingly illustrated by Heather Corlass.

Manuscript, which Daisy wrote and mis-spelled when she was nine years old, was recently on view at National Book League's exhibition at Victoria and Albert Museum.

The author is now a grandmother: lives with married son outside Norwich. Every evening she reads bedtime stories to grandsons. The fact she does no writing now seems to need explanation. Of course there are people—some believe *all* people—who have *one* book in them. It must be a relief to have it produced and earning its own way by the time one is nine.

■ If you are a balletomane who has thought: "Oh that AGNES DE MILLE would write a book!" you have your wish. The creator of ballet "Rodeo" and choreographer who turned ballerinas into cowgirls in smash hit, "Oklahoma!" has written her autobiography, "Dance to the Piper". It is a fascinating story, full of anecdotes about theatre "greats" past and present, and lively.

Thinking of ballet is reminder that Clarkes, mother and father, of Clarke, Irwin & Company, publishers, are keeping especially busy this season because son, Bill is at Oxford and the little 16-year-old daughter is studying ballet with Sadlers Wells in London, England, so it is a bit lonely in their Rosedale Toronto home.

■ What is your idea of a real bookman?

The late CHARLES P. EVERITT, whose autobiography, "Adventures of a Treasure Hunter," McClelland & Stewart have published, said, in the first place, you had to know the difference between Daniel Cady Eaton's "Ferns of North America" and Clement Bower's "Rhododendrons and Azaleas." And if you could tell them apart, you still had to know the first was published in Boston in 1893 and the second in New York 1936. Then, you still had to know which was the rare one, its last auction price, and where another copy could be found. —*Rica*

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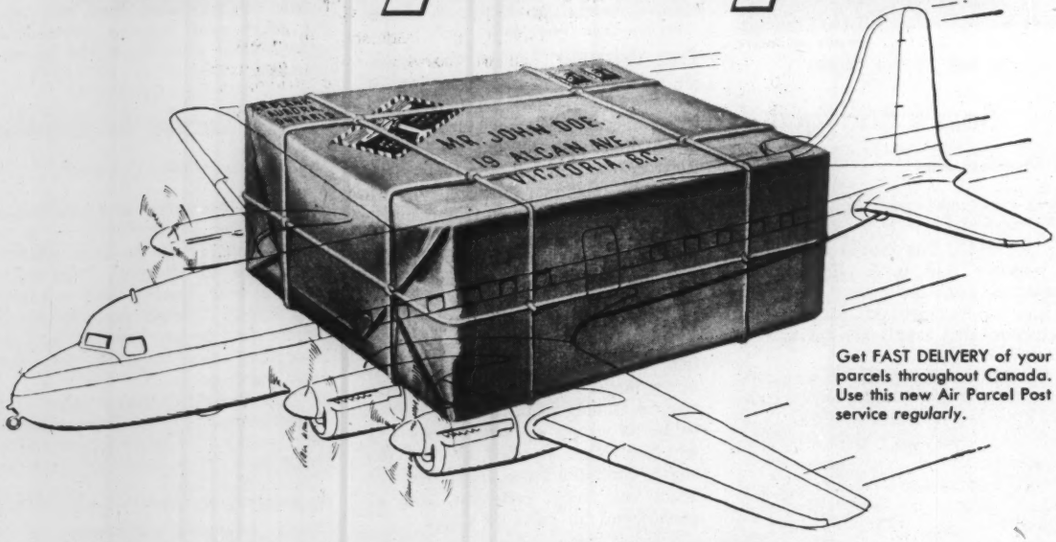

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FIRST-NIGHTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

ladies did not accompany us in these expeditions, which was obviously a piece of unjustifiable discrimination; they also did not expect to be taken home in a taxi, for the reason that there were no such vehicles. If it was a dress affair one did have to produce a cab, but cabs were cheap. Montreal had at that time a half-dozen hansom cabs of the London type, of which I was very fond, and I always booked one for crush-hat occasions. They must have had a hard struggle to exist, for they could only carry two people whereas the regular cabs would take five or six; and of course they had to be withdrawn and replaced by sleighs for at least four months in the winter.

I wonder what became of all the hansom cabs in the world. It seems quite natural and proper that an old motor-car should go on a scrap-heap, but then there is nothing romantic about an old motor-car.

NO HYPHENATED PEOPLE

Job for Patriotic Word-Maker

by Wilfrid Eggleston

TIDYING up my desk before the beginning of a new year, I went through a stack of speeches, clippings, articles and notes which, when I saved them, seemed to contain the germ of an article. Some of them were crowded out by more urgent issues, until they had become stale: others, on reflection, did not warrant so much space as a column. Two or three of them stuck out as being too good to throw into the waste basket, even at this late date.

Here is a task for a patriotic word-maker. Let him find, or invent, a word or a pair of words which will permit us to forget the hyphenates, "English-Canadian" and "French-Canadian." It is bad enough for us to divide ourselves this way, on the basis of different languages: it is worse still when we lazily drop the second part of the word and call each other "English" and "French". Even the Massey Commission did not escape, in its carefully edited report, at least one use of the word "French" to describe a native of Quebec who speaks the French language. To call a tenth generation native of Canada, moulded by North American influences for nearly 300 years, a Frenchman, may not be—is not—an insult; but it is certainly a loose use of language. The words "French" and "Frenchman" bring up powerful connotations: but not the ones they should bring up in speaking of our friends and fellow-Canadians.

Of course this is far from being an original notion with me. Readers of "Two Solitudes" will remember that Hugh MacLennan, in his brief foreword, wrote as follows:

"No single word exists, within Canada itself, to designate with satisfaction to both races, a native of the country. When those of the French language use the word *Canadien*, they nearly always refer to themselves. They know their English-speaking compatriots as *les Anglais*. English-speaking citizens act on the same principle. They call themselves Canadians; those of the French language French Canadians."

HUGH MACLENNAN does not go quite far enough. Too often *les Anglais* is decorated with an unpleasant adjective; too often we talk of those blank Frenchmen. Wouldn't it be a contribution to amity if we could get away from both? Why not *Canadian* and *Canadien*? This should work in both languages, except that presumably in the French language the gender and number would have to be observed?

Another item of a very different character survived my tidying and sifting. It was a paragraph or two from an address made by S. W. Fairweather of Canadian National Railways. Those of us who have been around the Hill a good many years will not forget the urbanity and patience of Mr. Fairweather, under terrible provocation, during the early '30's, when the management and economics of the CNR were under fierce attack from the late Dr. Manion, from the then member for Muskoka (Peter McGibbon) and a few others.

MR. FAIRWEATHER was speaking, earlier this year, about transportation problems. He made the remark that railways were essential to Canada, which is hardly a startling statement. But he went on to offer a really startling illustration.

"Can you imagine," he asked, "wheat grown in Saskatchewan being trucked to Halifax for export? Perhaps that thought has never occurred to you, but let us test it."

"The lowest conceivable cost of highway transport is 5c per ton-mile. The distance from Saskatchewan to Halifax is about 2,500 miles. The cost of moving a ton of wheat by highway would therefore be $125 and that is $3.80 a bushel. But wheat is not worth $3.80 per bushel—hence, if one only had road transport available, no wheat would be grown in Saskatchewan for export. The railway performs the same service for a charge of 39 cents per bushel, which leaves enough between the market price and the transportation charges to permit wheat to be grown profitably. Railway transportation, therefore, is something for which there is no substitute so far as the wheat farmer is concerned."

It is old stuff to economic geographers, but I am still impressed by the fact that the great fertile plains of the Canadian North-West could not emerge from the bison-pasture stage into one of the granaries of the world until railways had been built, canals had been dug, ocean freight rates had been brought down, Red Fife and Marquis wheats had been developed, dry farming, summer-fallow and the trash cover had been evolved. Not, at any rate, to its present importance. We are wont to forget at times the debt of gratitude we owe to the pathfinders of earlier generations.

—Norris in Vancouver Sun

Canada's Undefended Border

Unknown Dictator

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

"Certainly," he said. "We are developing them already. Political liberty is a healthy manifestation, a sign of social health. Portugal was politically and socially sick when I took over. As social health improves so liberty will be increased."

He went on to remind me of his country's almost farcical attempt to practice democracy under the Republic which had led to a revolution every few months over a period of years.

When I asked him whether free organizations are already encouraged he replied that the only impediment is political organization and association. In all other sectors, he insisted, there is the same liberty of meeting and of talking enjoyed in the democracies. (Any visitor to Portugal must be struck by the large numbers of men who may be seen at any time talking and arguing together.)

Dr. Salazar went on to outline the workers' and employers' syndicates which are a feature of his industrial corporative system. These are elected bodies empowered to negotiate agreements and settle disputes. The State, after setting them up, he said, does not intervene except when there is a failure to agree or in the case of corruption.

I THEN asked if he agreed that, where possible, the emphasis in responsibility should be away from the State and towards the individual. He replied that the State should intervene only when people themselves were incapable of organizing satisfactorily among themselves.

"Personal happiness cannot be created by the State, it is a private thing. But the State can help to create a situation in which it becomes possible —and that is what we are trying to do."

Turning to international affairs, I asked him whether he considered that Portugal has any distinctive role to play in the defence of the West.

"We are members of the various Western defence bodies," he said, "and we know what we have gone in for and will put our pledges into practice. We are conscious of our responsibilities and of the importance of our geographical position for defence. By virtue of that geographical position and also because we long ago recognized the true character of the enemy and dealt with him effectively here, we have our own important contribution to make."

The Portuguese claim to have ideal relations with the peoples in their colonies both in Asia and in Africa. Certainly there is abundant evidence in Lisbon itself of the total absence of any color bar.

"Have you anything to say about the importance, and future, of Africa to the West?" I asked Dr. Salazar.

He replied that he was the first politician to call attention to Africa as the basis for a rebirth and reconstruction of Europe and as a solid base for the future.

"Thank God," he said, "Africa is governed by countries all of whom are West of the Iron Curtain. But it is lamentable that some of these countries have not taken measures for defence against infiltration, and some even want to detach Africa from Europe. Without Africa, Western Europe cannot revive and will be subject to colonization either from the East (Russia) or from the West (America)."

Russian policies, he said, were clearly aimed at the political separation of Africa from the Eurasian mainland as part of their world strategy.

I TOLD him that never at any time anywhere, in England or elsewhere in Europe had I seen so much new building as there is in Lisbon today. He replied that they had had to begin where the problem was biggest and most urgent, but that they were now attempting the same thing on a reduced scale in the rural areas.

At Bairroda Quinta da Covialeira, in what remains of old Lisbon, and which I visited with an independent social welfare worker, one can see slums in which live 1,050 people. They are as bad as could be found anywhere, but they are the last of that sort left in the capital.

Hundreds of enormous blocks of flats and the new suburbs built on the community principle, with avenues of villas leading from centres composed of schools, creche, recreation ground, wash-houses, welfare centre and church, bear testimony to the quality and quantity of the work of reconstruction.

Under its benevolent dictator, Portugal is rebuilding and developing. There is nothing static about his regime, which undoubtedly has the support of the overwhelming majority of his people.

WORLD OF WOMEN

DINING OUT? TRY THE CHINESE

CHOPSTICKS, BEAN SPROUTS . . . AND CONFUCIUS

by Beverley Echlin

—Capital Press

CAFE CHAMPLAIN, OTTAWA: Proprietor J. C. Sim shows Stan Smith and Sheila Walters how to master the elusive chopsticks. Not as easy as it appears to be.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTURIES AGO Confucius, the famed sage of China, said: "There is no one who does not eat and drink. But few there are who can appreciate taste." With an ear tuned to the Confucian suggestion, Chinese restaurateurs in this country are doing their best to teach Canadians taste appreciation.

This year Canada's swank Chinese restaurants—which tempt Occidentals with Oriental dishes—will make more than $5,000,000 in gross profits. Each day more than 6,000 people will enter their doors to eat rare and exotic dishes. At the same time, an increasing number of people will be preparing Oriental dishes in their own homes.

Interest in Chinese food is relatively new in Canadian gastronomical circles. For many years ordinary Chinese restaurants have dotted Canadian streets—the type of eatery that serves chop suey occasionally, hamburgers regularly. Then at war's end, the ranks widened. Unique Oriental restaurants appeared with eye-catching neon signs. Specializing in Chinese food, these restaurants started drawing a more exclusive clientele.

Reasons for this development are numerous. In most cases, the now-successful Chinese proprietors have a background of restaurant experience. They ran small, unostentatious places, and saved their money. Then they bought new quarters with modern equipment, and started advertising. Clever advertising reaped dividends. In the east liquor licenses played an important part.

The restaurateurs used psychology. At Ottawa's Cafe Champlain, waiters were trained to recognize hesitant newcomers. Then the waiters would suggest dishes least foreign in taste, least unusual in appearance. Though he has a staff of more than 100, Harry Lem, who runs Toronto's Lichee Gardens, will help personally the uninitiated choose a suitable meal. Ming's, in Vancouver, have several detailed diagrams on the back of their giant menu showing the correct way to use chopsticks. Nearly all the menus in "clientele-conscious" restaurants explain in English the ingredients of foreign dishes. For example, *Moo-Coo-Chow-Gai-Peen* is explained as fried breasts of chicken with mushroom caps and vegetables.

Aside from the pleasing Oriental surroundings, big drawing card is price. Compared with western restaurants of the same quality, meals are cheap. In a high-class western restaurant you pay $2.25 and up for a filet mignon. Entrees, vegetables and dessert are extras that add up. In a comparable Chinese establishment you can have a dinner for two which includes chicken noodle soup (not out of a can), egg rolls, chicken chow mein, sweet and sour spare ribs, pork fried rice and Chinese pastries for $2.20.

Another attraction that patrons of Chinese restaurants have found is that they can get a meal at almost any hour of the day. Most of the top Oriental houses are open from noon to long after midnight. Reason for this is that Chinese restaurants are usually run on a profit-sharing basis. Waiters are fairly paid and make good tips. Perhaps this explains why not a single Chinese restaurant in Canada is unionized.

AMONG THE NEW OF recently modernized restaurants that cater to the dining-out-set with adventuresome palates are some standouts. Best in Vancouver are Ming's, The Bamboo Terrace and The Golden Dragon. Here the food is tops though the restaurants are plain.

Edmonton's boast is The Seven Seas on Jasper Avenue, the Mandarin Gardens and the Purple Lantern. One of Canada's most successful Chinese restaurants, The Seven Seas, seats 356, is planning an addition which will increase the capacity to 756 people. Murals depicting the mysteries of the ocean cover the walls.

Perhaps the best known Chinese restaurant in Montreal is Ruby Foo's, out on Decarie Boulevard. Staffed, but not operated, by Chinese, it hums with Oriental luxury. With three cocktail lounges and nightly entertainment, Ruby Foo's is rated one of the financial leaders in the trade. Wholly Chinese in operation is the Nanking Cafe on Lagauchetiere west, where the neon sign outside its door is reputed to have cost $22,000.

Ottawa's choice Chinese restaurant is the Cafe Champlain on Bate Island. Its proprietor, Canton-born Jack Sim, has taken full advantage of the cafe's view of the Ottawa River—all the walls have deep windows.

Toronto has the red-gilt-and-black-muralled Lichee Gardens, the New Nanking—also on Chinatown's Elizabeth Street—with its duskily-lit bamboo-walled dining room, and the Golden Dragon, plain and good. Then there is the St. Charles, where Ontario horseman Charles Hemstead has a big interest. Chinese operate the dining room, and Hemstead runs the cocktail lounge. Both the Lichee and New Nanking have liquor licenses.

—Eric Skipsey

MING'S, VANCOUVER: Chinese colors and furniture give the foyer an atmosphere of Oriental luxury.

One of Canada's most versatile operators is 45-year-old Harry Lem. In addition to his Lichee Gardens, he runs the dining room end of the St. Charles, is president of the Mon Kuo Trading Company—an importing and exporting firm—is the only Chinese postmaster in Canada, and is the Ontario-Chinese representative of the Canadian Pacific airline service between Hong Kong and Vancouver.

But Lem's real business is Chinese food. In the preparation of succulent dishes for his patrons, he runs through —on a daily average—100 pounds of mushrooms, 12 to 20 dozen chickens, 150 to 200 pounds of spare ribs, 20 to 30 legs of pork (each weighing about 15 pounds), 100 pounds of shrimps, 300 pounds of rice and 100 pounds of soy sauce.

About 75 per cent of Lichee's requirements are Canadian-produced. Bamboo shoots, soy sauce and some mushrooms come from China, rice and beans from Texas and almonds now are imported from Spain.

FROM the Texan beans Lem produces bean sprouts in his spotless restaurant basement. After an overnight soaking, the beans are placed in covered crocks where they are watered every four to six hours, 24 hours a day. The water is kept at the same warm temperature as the room. Five-and-a-half days after the process starts the bean sprouts are mature.

If the housewife wishes to do without cans and cook her own Chinese meals at home, all the ingredients can be bought in Chinatown. There you find everything from Thousand Year Eggs to shark's fins and birds' nests. Thousand Year Eggs are so-called because they look old. Actually they are chickens' eggs, preserved in such a way that they turn black. Birds' nests are a rare delicacy in soups. They really are birds' nests—minus twigs—which look much like a honeycomb. These nests are found high in the mountains on the islands near Canton.

To avoid all preparation of Chinese food in the home, the housewife may order a complete meal from a restaurant specializing in shop-to-door service. Where this service doesn't exist, the food can be delivered in a taxi, or picked up personally at the restaurant.

Chief difference between the Oriental and Occidental method of cooking is that easterners mix their vegetables and meat in cooking; westerners, in most cases, cook their meat separately from their vegetables.

There are other distinctions in the methods of cooking and food habits. The Chinese rarely boil anything; they stew their vegetables in a minimum of water. In the majority of Chinese provinces milk is never drunk nor any form of dairy product used. On the other hand, they are most versatile with their vegetables. They will use anything—radish tops, pea vines and pods, or watermelon rind. They fry lettuce and watercress. Sweets are eaten at banquets and sometimes between meals as *tien-hsin*, "something to dot the heart". Desserts are unknown, though fruit may be placed on the table to munch between other dishes. Quite often soup may be the last dish at a banquet.

Are restaurants in China different from Chinese restaurants here? Yes. Everyone has his individual bowl of rice and to this he adds any helping he wishes from the various dishes on the table. If an extra guest joins the eating group, only a bowl of rice and chopsticks are added. At the meal's conclusion, each person is given a small glass, half-filled with warm water with which he rinses his mouth. Then a scalding hot towel is brought to wipe the customer's lips.

If the present trend toward Chinese food continues, the coming year will see more luxury restaurants, an increased purchasing of Chinese goods for domestic cooking and the housewife adding a new cook book to her shelf. Variety in food livens the home, or as the Chinese put it:

"He who carefully orders his eating and drinking assures for himself good health and long life."

—William Kensit

THE SEVEN SEAS, EDMONTON: It's regarded as tops in Chinese restaurants.

NEWS ABOUT WOMEN

"EVIDENCE that women are at least being recognized in civic politics," was ALDERMAN ANNA SPROTT's comment after she headed the Vancouver Council polls for a second two-year term. Last Spring she was acting mayor for a couple of weeks when the Mayor was on holidays. She's a Past President of the American Federation of Soroptomist Clubs and President of the Sprott-Shaw business school. Mrs. Sprott is a former Torontonian.

■ Elected to the Vancouver School Board was MRS. ADA CRUMP. She topped the polls, with 40,425 votes, for the third year running, to start her 19th year of service. An ex-school teacher, Mrs. Crump is a Past President of Vancouver Council of Women and is active in numerous other groups.

■ In BC, a number of women won school board positions by acclamation: MRS. WINNIFRED PITTMAN at Alberni; IRENE MARY BURCH and JEAN AUTY at Penticton; and MRS. OLIVER COOPER as School Trustee at Revelstoke.

■ Other women were successful in Toronto suburbs. MRS. MARIE TAYLOR was the only 1951 Councillor returned for another year in East York Township. In York, MRS. ALICE BICKERTON was not only the only Trustee on the Board of Education to be returned in her Ward but she topped the polls, as she has twice before. Also in York was another 1951 returnee, MRS. FLORENCE GELL, who topped the polls in her Ward for the Board of Education.

■ Teck Township in Ontario (administers affairs of Kirkland Lake) returned REEVE ANNE SHIPLEY, with a majority of 403 votes over her male opponent. Reeve Shipley entered politics 13 years ago, on the school board; has served on the city council.

■ In Brampton MRS. S. B. HORWOOD became, in her first try, the first woman in Peel County to hold a Council seat, when she polled second, losing top place by only 26 votes.

■ In Kapuskasing Ont., MRS. JOHN FERRIER made her first try for a Council seat a memorable one. She not only led the polls but she collected more votes (874) than last year's total (725) votes. In Hamilton, MRS. ADA PRITCHARD won a Council seat on a second try.

■ And Carleton Place has a first woman councillor, too. She's MRS. HOMER TRIPP and she headed the poll. She's a registered nurse and active in community and art groups.

■ A husband and wife are in office in Port Dover, Ont. MRS. WINN B. IVEY starts her fourth term on the school board; husband starts his third term on the Council.

■ MRS. ANNA CREWSON led the polls to represent Long Branch on the Lakeshore Board of Education, receiving more votes than any of the six men running for Council. And in Port Credit MRS. ZETA DAVIDSON led three other candidates to win a seat on the school board.

In Scarboro Township, MRS. DOROTHY DOWNEY, Chairman of the 1951 Area 1 school board, was re-elected and led the polls. Also elected was MRS. LAURA BARKER in second place.

■ Starting this month, Ontario will have two more lady Mayors to keep MAYOR MARJORIE HAMILTON of Barrie and MAYOR CHARLOTTE WHITTON of Ottawa company. In Woodstock MRS. BERNADETTE SMITH won by more than 500 votes over the standing Mayor. It was her first try —although she had been an Alderman in 1949 and 1950—and it makes her Woodstock's first woman Mayor. She is the wife of Michael P. Smith. And MRS. GRACE BURK McFARLAND became Leamington's first woman Mayor when she polled 281 more votes than her nearest opponent. Mrs. McFarland has another "first" to her credit, too. She was the first woman elected to the Essex County Council when she became Leamington's Deputy Reeve two years ago.

—Ken Poste

BERNADETTE SMITH

—Toronto Star

G. MCFARLAND

■ The North Bay (Ont.) election of 35-year-old MRS. MYRTLE MCEWEN to the School Board caused immediate fireworks. The sitting members took her election as a non-confidence vote in their proposed $156,000 addition to one of the schools and resigned in a body. Mrs. McEwen ran for office after a demand by herself and others for plebiscite on the school-addition was rejected by the Board. "They threw me a challenge and I accepted it," said Mrs. McEwen who worked as an accountant in Toronto for six years before returning to North Bay area in 1946.

■ It runs in the family. Father David MacMillan is an Ottawa Alderman; daughter MRS. WILLIAM TATHAM is now Campbellford's first woman councillor, winning one of the six seats in a 13-candidate field. She is the mother of three children.

■ Back in 1945 swimmer IRENE STRONG of Vancouver set a record in the 200-yard junior breast stroke. Last month MARGARET STANGROOM just managed to break it by a fraction. Event occurred during the BC Swim Championships. Winner of both senior women's events was KAY MCNAMEE, a British Empire Games swimmer.

■ FLORENCE LEE, a Chinese student from Baldur, Man., was awarded the 1951 Woman's Club scholarship in the Department of Education, University of Manitoba.

CONCERNING FOOD

NEW YEAR'S ROUND-UP

by Marjorie Thompson Flint

CHANCES ARE you're pursuing elusive Christmas tree needles all over the house, making resolutions and whipping up three meals per day. It's amazing how keen appetites seem despite the intake of great quantities of festive food. However, a switch to more Spartan fare is easy to make if you introduce a fruit compote for dessert (*see photo*). Ours is a simple combination of canned peaches, a partially defrosted package of frozen raspberries garnished with shredded coconut served with packaged cookies.

■ More than likely you have to deal with one or two obstinate holiday stains on your table linen. Cleaning fluid is the answer to all fatty base stains such as candle wax, buttery finger marks and sometimes lipstick.

Candle Wax: Scrape drippings with dull edge of table knife. Soak item in cleaning fluid for about 10 minutes. This removes wax but not the color. Washing in hot suds and water will do this usually. If not use an appropriate bleach. Chlorine bleach for white linen, rayon or cotton according to directions on label. For colors use a solution of hydrogen peroxide (2 tablespoons to 4 quarts water). Soak stains in this for 30 minutes. Rinse thoroughly.

Fat or Oil: These buttery finger stains are deceiving since they seem to disappear in the washing only to reappear when ironed—table napkins especially. If stains are still obvious after laundering, soak item in cleaning fluid for 10 minutes.

—Nabisco

FRUIT COMPOTE is a delicious dish. See directions.

■ If you're in search of a super relish to serve with meats or poultry try this recipe for

Honey-Wine Pickled Fruits

In a large saucepan combine 1 cup honey, ¾ cup vinegar, 10 whole cloves, 3 inches stick cinnamon and let simmer for 5 minutes. Add ¾ cup port wine and 6 cups well-drained canned fruits—peaches, pears, pineapple, apricots or fruits for salad or a combination of them. Let simmer 15 minutes longer. Cool; store covered in refrigerator. This makes approximately 14-16 servings as a relish.

■ On the hunt for an interesting sandwich filling? Not new is this chicken spread but sparked with mustard and curry it deserves the title of

Devilled Chicken Spread

1 7-oz. tin boneless chicken
or equivalent of cooked chicken
½ cup mayonnaise
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ teaspoon curry powder
¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
½ teaspoon salt
3 hard cooked eggs, chopped

Cut chicken into small pieces. Combine mayonnaise with seasonings and add to chicken along with chopped eggs. Toss lightly but thoroughly together. Makes enough for 6 large sandwiches. For a real salad-y sandwich make it up with sliced tomatoes and lettuce. Secure with toothpicks before cutting and serve a la club sandwich garnished with olives and celery.

■ A quick tidbit for the sweet fancier to whip up . . . and still leave the kitchen in fair shape . . . is uncooked fudge. You don't have to wait for a clear day or worry about degree of crystallization to turn out an acceptable dish of fudge. White cream cheese is the basic ingredient.

Uncooked Chocolate Fudge

1 4-oz. package cream cheese
2 2/3 cups sifted icing sugar
2 1-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate melted
½ tsp. almond flavoring
½ cup chopped blanched almonds

Place cream cheese in a bowl and work it until soft and smooth. Slowly add sugar, blending well. Add melted chocolate and mix well, then flavoring and nuts and mix until well blended. Press in well-greased shallow pan and place in refrigerator until firm (about 15 minutes). Cut into squares. Use vanilla and walnuts instead of almond flavoring and almonds if desired. For a softer fudge 1 teaspoon of cream may be added.

■ A drink of sheer delight is Sherried Mocha—good served either hot or cold. The best place for it on the day's agenda is before retiring, with or without plain cookies.

Sherried Mocha

In top of double boiler put
½ cup semi-sweet chocolate pieces
1 cup strong coffee
1 cup sherry *
few grains salt
¼ teaspoon cinnamon

Heat over hot water until chocolate melts, stirring occasionally. Add 2 cups milk and heat to scalding. Beat mixture with rotary beater until foamy.

Serve in hot earthenware mugs with stick of cinnamon as the stirrer. Garnish if desired with whipped cream. To serve iced increase chocolate pieces to 2/3 cup. Pour over cracked ice and top with whipped cream.

Recipe makes enough for 6 large cups or 8 cups, tea-cup size.

*If *dry* sherry is used add 2 tbsps. sugar to the brew.

■ Male shoppers for groceries are on the increase according to a recent survey. Twenty-five per cent of all groceries in the U.S. is purchased by the husband and 50 per cent of this shopping is done on Friday and Saturday. Grocers are not unhappy about this trend since the head-of-the-house is apt to be a more generous spender than the little woman who is supposed to adhere to the budget. Increased suburban living, one car for family and business use and lack of home help are all factors in sending Papa to the supermarket to bring home the bacon.

■ Discussion among mothers of new infants usually includes some observations as to whether baby Jane can take orange juice without burping, regurgitating, developing eczema or simply screaming. Dr. C. Loring Joslin has some facts after surveying 40 infants. In a recent study by the Department of Pediatrics, University of Maryland. Orange-peel oil is the factor that upsets the infant. Juice from fresh oranges should be squeezed gently without undue pressure on the peel. Frozen orange juice concentrate and canned orange juice contained a minimum amount of peel oil and were satisfactory.

■ A new type of milk is being introduced in the U.S. Each quart provides the minimum daily requirement of nine important vitamins and minerals. A vitamin-mineral concentrate has been developed which can be added to milk thus providing improved nutrition without greater intake of fluid milk. Flavor is excellent and the price very slightly higher than regular milk. Another feature is use of amber glass milk bottles to reduce loss of valuable nutrients due to light exposure. U.S. trend is to fewer milk deliveries per week to the home. In most U.S. metropolitan areas milk deliveries are on the every-other-day basis. Milk companies are considering a three-day-a-week home-delivery service.

Books For Cooks

"MAKING the Most of Your Home Freezer" by Marie Armstrong Essipoff (*Clarke, Irwin, $3.75*) is a practical and witty book of home-experience testing. Written in simple style it offers authoritative information on all phases of the home freezer. Mrs. Essipoff gives detailed methods and materials she has used successfully and includes several of her own frozen-food recipes.

"The Spice Sampler" and "The Party Sampler" by Edith M. Barber (*Sterling Publishing Co., $1.50 each*) are two attractive and handy little manuals for the hostess in a party-giving mood. In both books a lot of information is presented in few pages clearly and cleverly. Excellent shower gifts for the cook-to-be or for anyone interested in foods.

"Nutrition For Today (Good Food Makes Good Sense)" by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D. (*McClelland & Stewart, $4.50*) is one of the best books on nutrition available to the layman. The difficult job of presenting scientific facts so that they are understood and accepted by the non-scientific reader is well handled and all terms of nutritional units are translated into quantities of foods. Dr. Robertson is well known in Canada through her research work at the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto; her excellent talks on nutrition to lay groups; and her monthly articles on child care in a Canadian magazine. The book is so readable and makes such good sense it can be recommended to everyone interested in good nutrition—and that means all of us.

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ARCTIC JOURNEY

GLASSES FOR ESKIMOS

by Margaret Ness

ESKIMOS don't rub noses in greeting. The men love hats, own many, continually trade them. Women do most of the work, often roll the barrels of fuel oil off the barges that bring the only outside life the Eskimos know.

These are just a few of the observations made by Isabel Thomas last summer on a trip with an eye-service party into the Arctic (See page 11 for pictures and story of expedition). Miss Thomas is National Supervisor of Prevention of Blindness and Eye Service Department, Canadian National Institute for the Blind and was loaned as a nurse-secretary to the expedition.

The Eskimos' eyes aren't any worse than you'd find elsewhere in Canada, Miss Thomas said. The trouble is that the Arctic is so inaccessible. There hadn't been an eye survey there since 1946. The Eskimos are difficult to fit with glasses. Their ears are higher on their heads and their noses haven't bridges on which the glasses can rest.

Eskimos love to dance. They would flock down to the port at ship time, come on board for their eye examination, and then hold a dance that night—to a sort of square-dance tune of six bars played on an accordion. They even dance in their high skin boots and parkas.

"I saw my first evidence of missionary bales up there," Miss Thomas said. "In certain sections where missionaries are strong, the Eskimo women were wearing dresses from the bales." She added, "I imagine over men's long underwear." At Clyde River, Baffin Island, food had been dropped by parachute and the women were very modern in colored nylon dresses with parkas over them.

—NFB

PLASTER MASK being removed from face of Eskimo by Dr. C. E. Davies; helpers, Dr. R. S. Robertson and Isabel Thomas, CNIB.

Everyone smokes. The women are more addicted than the men. If smokes are scarce, a cigarette is passed around the family tent and everyone takes a puff. They seem to spend most of their money on tobacco and tea.

In their tents they use a little soapstone lamp for heat, cooking and light. It burns all the time. Half the tent is sleeping quarters. The whole family sleeps there on skins or old quilts. A Ripley Believe-it-or-not: a lot of the women have portable sewing machines.

The dogs troubled Miss Thomas. During the summer months when the animals aren't working they are tied up on short chains, never exercised and fed only once a week. They howl incessantly. You can always tell when you are nearing habitation. You hear the dogs. But if you're there a few days, you get so accustomed to the noise you don't hear it.

Mosquitoes are a very hardy breed. They don't even need warm weather for encouragement. One August day, at the most northerly stop, it registered just 32° above. But the mosquitoes were out. DDT solution helps to keep them from biting but it doesn't stop the buzzing sound of the swarms. You don't become immune either. The natives get bitten all the time; don't seem to care. Occasionally they will slap a hand to their forehead of hair—the only exposed parts. "The mosquitoes probably aren't any larger than ours," says Miss Thomas. "They just look stronger."

JUST BEFORE she left on this trip she was out at the Weston Sanitarium near Toronto. She belongs to the Venture Club which serves the San with library books. One little patient was an Eskimo. And when she arrived up at Chimo, the first person she saw was this lad. He'd just been a week and was most unhappy. forgotten his own language in ve years he'd been at Weston. He was delighted to see her.

At their ports of call, whole communities would be waiting for them. They would all insist on coming on the boat together. Not that they were afraid to go on alone, but Eskimos are very curious and they wanted to see everything that was happening. They are a quiet people. There was no babble while they waited their turn. The Indians who came aboard in the more southerly regions chattered like magpies in comparison. There are very few extroverts among the Eskimos.

There was always excitement on the trip. Going up there were two Mounties bound for Craig Harbour to reopen the post. With them were their Eskimo servants, their children, their dogs. Eskimo families have a lot of both. Pups were born on board.

Coming back, they picked up Jim Houston and his wife on Baffin Island. They'd been eight months in the north collecting products of Eskimo culture—with the backing of the Canadian Government, the Canadian Handicraft Guild and the cooperation of Hudson's Bay Company. Also picked up for return home were the National Film Board people who had been 15 months doing a documentary on Eskimo life.

"We even had a murder trial on board," said Miss Thomas. "We took a legal party along with us to the scene of the crime. Yes, the trip was full of the unexpected."

OROTHY SPROULE

HER EIGHTY-FOURTH

NE OF MONTREAL'S most beved citizens, Dorothy Sproule, celeated her birthday . . . her eightyurth . . . in November—a fact that s noted with considerable interest such columnists as Beatrice Carr the Huntingdon *Gleaner*, and len Murphy of the Montreal *Her*. Today Dorothy Sproule (Mrs. H.) lives very quietly at 1235 escent Street, Montreal, her home the last 30 years. It's an address own to a wide circle of friends.

Mrs. Sproule, friend of writers e and abroad, is best known as a etess and her poems have appeared leading Canadian publications as ll as others. Among books of etry bearing her name are "The lden Goal" with an introduction Lady Tweedsmuir; "Poems of e," with an introduction by Dr. yd C. Douglas. And she was the ipient of a deluxe brochure, "A rland of Orchids," consisting of ms dedicated to her by no less n 20 poets!

ays Beatrice Carr in the Huntingdon *Gleaner*, "There are many testimonials to her personal achievements, including Coronation Medal, New York World's Fair Gold Medal; the 1949 Schroeder Foundation Medal for achievement in Literature.

"Her contributions and interest in civic organization in Montreal have been unique. She was the organizer and first president of Notre Dame de Grace Women's Club; an officer of the Canadian Authors' Association, Montreal Branch, of the Women's Conservative Association, Art Association of Montreal, Royal Empire Society, to name a few of her interests." Today Mrs. Sproule is one of the comparatively few women listed in Who's Who in Canada and the National Reference Book.

Mrs. Sproule is keenly interested in world and local events and the social occasions of her wide circle of friends, still pens the poems she loves to write. Most recent of these is a tribute to Canada's recent Royal visitors, which has been sent to Princess Elizabeth.

BRAIN TEASER

BUILT TO SCALE

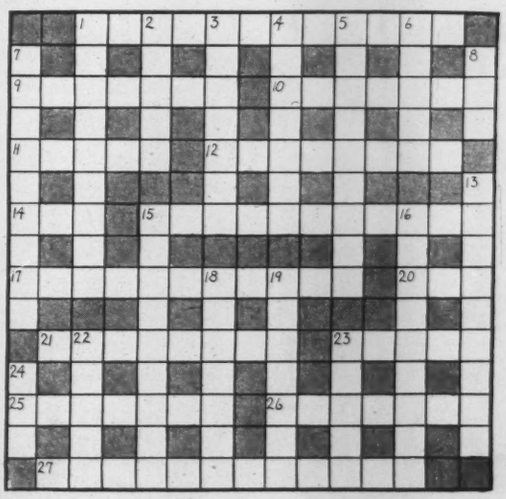
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1 and 7. Principal winner of musical chairs at 6, 27 and 3. (6,6,9)
9. A hundred put in a claim for it. (7)
10. Polyphemus until Ulysses? (3-4)
11. I'd visit the zoo to see this organism! (5)
12. This "Bleak House" character turned Poe's milk! (8)
14. With 20 it's in order to lease a couple of rhymers. (3)
15. For a degree of competence, they get 'ell, as it were, at 6, 27, 3. (11)
17. Those who get a shot in the arm? (6, 5)
20. See 14. (3)
21. Bergen might get one, rubbing Charlie the wrong way. (8)
23. Red antelope I found in South America and Georgia. (5)
25. Plants not raised in 27. (7)
26. This kind of odor may annoy some! (7)
27. See 6.

DOWN

1. Meet 1 across over tea? (9)
2. Burned the vegetable? (5)
3. See 6.
4. The god of love turns the head of 26. (7)
5. Spoils to be shared by acrobats? (3, 6)
6, 27 and 3. But the R.C.M.P. have no plane here! (5, 12, 2, 5)
7. See 1 across.
8. Poem about what sounds like the dear lady of 24. (3)
13. Till Eulenspiegel's were merry. (9)
15. Suckers find the pill won't go down! (9)
16. Over nothing I'm on trial by the state. (9)
18. He may have supplied what the 1 down. (7)
19. Plant no good in Syria. (7)
22. Court the Irishman over ten. (5)
23. Ogilvie's been put up in Ireland with no rival. (5)
24. See 8. (3)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1 and 24. Leap year
3. Suffering
9. Outward
10. Menotti
12. Boche
13. Rule
14. Loop
16. Frederic
17. Stoker
19. Remain
21. Kangaroo
24. see 1 across
25 and 31. Wifeless
26. Delta
28. Undress
29. Avocado
30. Proposals
31. See 25 and 27

DOWN

1 and 1 across. Look before you leap
2. Attaché
4. Underlie
5 and 11. Female impersonators
6. Ring
7. Network
8. Daredevil
11. See 5
15. Stage door
18. Baseball
20. Meander
22. Release
23. Misses
27 and 31. Helpless (199)

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UNDERFOOT

SHOES AND HEALTH

—From a speech given by Dr. Benjamin Kauth, Director of the American Foot Care Institute, at the annual meeting of the North American Shoe Superintendents', Foremen's & Allied Trades' Association, at Kitchener, Ont.

I FEEL there is a shocking amount of ignorance among the population as to what constitutes a good pair of shoes.

Exaggerated stress on price and wear have taken the emphasis from the essential consideration in footwear—and that, of course is health and comfort. Over-emphasis on wear is especially pernicious in the case of children's shoes, since they are frequently outgrown before they're outworn. And outworn shoes which cramp the toes and warp young malleable feet are one of the major causes of serious foot ailments which only show their full effect in adult life. Yet, during this period of rising living costs, there is a temptation for many mothers not to replace shoes which superficially have some wear left in them.

OUTSIDE of the heart no other part of the body is subject to as many stresses and strains as the human foot. Is it any wonder that most of the early manifestations of degenerative arthritis are seen in people past 50-55 and 60. A lifetime of neglecting the importance of proper footgear is in a great sense responsible. Peripheral vascular diseases of those affecting the circulation which are commonly found in older people are often aggravated by foot imbalance and tight and ill-fitting shoes.

With the labor shortage becoming more acute, women are returning to industry in growing numbers. The American Foot Care Institute recently conducted a survey in an industrial plant near New York City employing some 400 women, in which the absentee rate had grown alarmingly. We encountered women workers wearing footwear that defied description—just about everything but a normal shoe for the kind of work they were doing. A comfortable laced oxford with low, broad heel and flexible leather sole.

The changes in the attitude and efficiency of these workers once they were equipped with such shoes and instructed in a few simple rules of foot hygiene was dramatic.

This should not come as a surprise to anyone familiar with the subject. It was graphically demonstrated at the 1949 convention of the American Medical Association by Dr. Laurence Jones, the eminent orthopedist, that any of the following: headache, backache, sciatic pain in the legs and thighs, a continuous feeling of general body fatigue, chronic ankle sprains, varicose veins and a host of other symptoms may be directly attributed to foot imbalance. The feet are marvelously constructed mechanisms of 104 bones and are the foundation of the body—distort them and you destroy proper body posture.

LIGHTER SIDE

THE HEALTHY MIND

by Mary Lowrey Ross

EVERYBODY in the office admired Mr. Mayhew, the personnel manager, but no one was entirely happy with him. He was so healthy and sound and so unmistakably a man in control of his destiny that he made less fortunate people feel guilty and, occasionally, irritable.

"There's nothing the matter with Mr. Mayhew that a good double sinus infection wouldn't fix," Miss Eliot, the head stenographer once remarked.

Mr. Mayhew had never suffered from double, or even single sinus infection, and was imperfectly sympathetic with people afflicted by symptoms he regarded as largely psychosomatic. He had been through all that, as he sometimes explained to those who came to him for personal advice. He had explored all the dark levels of the unconscious where fears and frustrations are compounded into symptoms and allergies, and he had resolutely flushed them out. He was in fact consciously and deliberately healthy, just as some people are unconsciously and involuntarily miserable and ill.

The employees on the staff suffered from sinus trouble, from the common cold, from impacted wisdom teeth and faulty circulation and a colorful variety of allergies. In fact they were exactly like almost any office staff anywhere. But when they confided these problems to Mr. Mayhew he always tracked them relentlessly to their proper emotional source.

Miss Emory's sudden attack of double vision had been caused not by the new aluminum radiator paint but by her troubles with her sister over the use of the bathroom. Miss Fripp's digestive gloom, which she attributed to salmon loaf at lunch, was really the result of her resentment over the management's refusal to redecorate the cafeteria. Mr. Mayhew himself never suffered from either gloom or dyspepsia. He was, to put it rather coarsely, the captain of his alimentary canal, the master of his ductless glands.

"Health" he assured the members of the staff, "is largely a question of positive adjustment. And positive adjustment is simply a matter of ridding oneself of the emotional disturbances which the body translates into such symptoms as the common cold."

This clarifying explanation merely confused his listeners, who felt that a head cold was complicated enough without dragging in emotional factors. To make things worse they now hesitated to ask for sick leave, which might be interpreted as psychosomatic leave. Instead they bravely brought their head colds to the office, where they distributed them widely. "I'd give a week's pay to hand this cold on to Mr. Mayhew," Miss Fripp once remarked. But Mr. Mayhew remained resolutely immune.

He was even proof against a campaign of suggestion which Miss Eliot thought up one day at lunch-time.

"How are you this afternoon Mr. Mayhew?" Miss Fripp inquired when he came in. "You look as though you were coming down with a cold."

"Haven't had a cold in twenty years," Mr. Mayhew said.

"You're looking very tired Mr. Mayhew," Miss Emory said in the middle of an interview. "If you'd care to take this up some other time."

"Nonsense," Mr. Mayhew said. "Now as I see it, this trouble in the filing department is largely a question of personal maladjustment . . ."

"Someone told me you weren't feeling very well," Miss Eliot said, meeting him by the water-cooler. She studied him sympathetically. "Honestly you look terrible."

"Never felt better in my life," Mr. Mayhew said, and went briskly back to his reports.

"Well it didn't work," Miss Eliot said at the end of the day, and added thoughtfully, "I wonder what would happen if somebody pushed Mr. Mayhew out of the window."

"Nothing would happen," Miss Emory said and Miss Eliot agreed. Somewhere between the window and the ground Mr. Mayhew would make the necessary positive adjustment and land miraculously unhurt and smiling.

Mr. Mayhew died suddenly of a heart attack one Sunday afternoon.

It happened without the slightest warning. He had been sitting quietly in his living-room at the time, playing chess against himself, a game that involves a minimum of excitement and strain. "It is very hard to understand," his sister, Miss Mayhew, said to Miss Eliot and Miss Emory, who called at the house the following evening, "He always had such splendid health . . . I happened to look over and he was sitting there with the bishop in his hand and a queer look on his face. By the time I reached him it was all over."

Miss Eliot and Miss Emory stared down at the casket, half expecting even yet to catch the queer look on Mr. Mayhew's face, a look of astonishment and indignation at the instant when death leaned over and applied the supreme correction to all his theories. But Mr. Mayhew's face looked unfathomably serene. "I can't believe it," Miss Emory said.

"I still can't believe it, even yet," she said on the way home, "Mr. Mayhew, of all people!"

"Anyway it should be warning," Miss Eliot said. "I mean a warning to all of us not to be psychosomatic about our health."

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J. A. BRICE,
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Vancouver, B.C.
6th December, 1951.

SATURDAY NIGHT

Your Best Magazine Buy

—Michael Burns

WRESTLERS are gentlemen, although they don't act like it in the ring. Here, Whipper Watson tries to unmask the Zebra, as referee Bert Maxwell interferes.

SPORTS

SOME SPORTING GENTLEMEN

by Kim McIlroy

Sports Editor,
Saturday Night.
Dear Sir:

My eldest son has recently been offered a contract to play professional sport. He still seems to me very young, and naturally I am concerned over the type of boy and man he will be associating with as a professional athlete, his fellow-players as well as those in charge of the team. I should very much appreciate any information you can give me along these general lines.

ANXIOUS MOTHER

ANYONE who has read of the basketball bribery scandal among presumably amateur college athletes in New York, or the accounts of a typical junior hockey game in which something over 100 minutes in penalties was handed out, can sympathize with Anxious Mother. She could be pardoned for being not only Anxious but Scared.

There is, of course, no such thing as the typical professional athlete. Barbara Ann Scott is a professional athlete, and so is One Round Hogan, the battered club fighter for whom two plus two is a problem in advanced calculus. But if the pros vary widely according to the particular sport, the variation within the sport is much less, and a certain amount of typing can be ventured upon.

The old-time opprobrium no longer clings to the term "professional". The "gentlemen" may still cross bats with the "players" in cricket, but in local sporting circles an amateur is pretty generally a boy who isn't good enough to be a professional. You might come across a few amateurs on some church's tennis courts, but in hockey or rugby an amateur over the age of 16 ought to be skewered on a pin and examined by scientists.

We presume that Anxious Mother means that her young hopeful has been offered a contract to play some team sport. If he's merely going to turn into a golf pro, he'll move among people identical with those who might be found in any good business concern. The tournament golf circuit is an exacting affair, athletically and socially, and the unsuitable are weeded out pretty quickly. Tennis is another matter, so far as the tournament players are concerned, but there isn't any big-time tennis in Canada.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL, or rugby, used to be, so far as personnel went, a sort of grab bag taking in everyone from college grads who played for the fun of it to unlettered roughnecks in search of a vagrant dollar. Now it has become big business and, with the importation of American coaches, a model of precision and application. There's no place in it for oafs; there are too many plays to learn.

The average pro footballer, in consequence, is today a businessman. More likely than not, he's a university graduate. Where some of his fellow grads go in for accounting or the law, he takes up football, as a career. He studies it and practises it. He keeps himself in condition, because his body is a business asset. He is, in general, a model of deportment.

Oddly enough, the same thing holds true with a few notable exceptions, of professional wrestlers. Wrestling today offers a fine future for a boy with the requisite physical characteristics, plus a certain adaptability and flair for histrionics. For some reason the game has always attracted the better kind of man, even before the advent, during the 20's, of the college boys.

A popular wrestler may work four or more nights a week. Even though the bouts are pre-arranged and even rehearsed, it's hard and gruelling work. A man who isn't in shape just can't stand up to it, and the financial rewards justify self-denial.

Boxing is something else entirely. Where wrestling is a business, boxing is a racket, even though a vast majority of bouts are on the level. Boxing is a body-damaging thing in itself, and many people in it are, to put it mildly, undesirables.

The average pro hockey player is basically a nice kid who suffers from two things: the curtailment of his education, and too much adulation and aimless living too early in life. No boy who makes $100 a week in his middle or late teens for a couple of hours' work a day is going to grow up into much, except a hockey player. Where there are exceptions, it can usually be put down to wise parents and/or wives.

The people who run the game are interested, naturally enough, solely in the boy's playing ability. To a kid with extraordinary judgment, or good counsel, pro hockey can give a big boost. Without them he can end up very unhappy indeed.

NEWS ABOUT PEOPLE

EVERYMAN THEATRE in Vancouver gave a final presentation of "Murder in the Cathedral" by T. S. Eliot in the chapel of Canadian Memorial Church. Directed by SYDNEY RISK and with RONALD WILSON playing Thomas à Becket, the play had been running in their own small theatre all Fall; was invited by the church for a special pre-Christmas presentation. It is the first time, to our knowledge, that the play has been presented in Canada in a church. Originally it was written for the Canterbury Festival of 1935, with ROBERT SPEAIGHT as Becket. Speaight is remembered as 1949 Dominion Drama Festival adjudicator and last year came to Montreal to enact his role, this time in French, with *Les Compagnons de St. Laurent,* under the directorship of FATHER EMILE LEGAULT. First Canadian production of "Murder in the Cathedral" was in 1936 at Queen's University summer school of drama when HERMAN VOADEN, a Toronto teacher, directed the presentation, with PROFESSOR ERNEST DALE of the University of Toronto in the leading role. That Fall the Voaden production was again presented — in Toronto at Massey Hall, with music by HEALEY WILLAN.

■ Election quirks were many but we particularly liked the calculator machine with a sense of humor. During the Calgary election returns it suddenly decided to subtract the figures fed into it, instead of adding them. The machine must have enjoyed its little joke, we think.

■ Canadian Aviation Electronics, manufacturers of television, radar and communications equipment, announce the appointment of FRANCIS J. MACNAMARA as personnel manager. Well-known in Ottawa where he was formerly on the staff of Glebe Collegiate, MacNamara is commanding officer of the Ottawa Radar Squadron. During the war he was a flying control officer on airfields in Canada and Europe.

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HAIG & HAIG FIVE STAR ★★★★★ HAIG & HAIG FIVE STAR

IN THE ARTS: Victoria-born, 26-year-old ROBIN WOOD won the first Moulton-Mayer Award set up to facilitate recitals in London, England, by musicians who have not yet appeared in public. Under this arrangement, pianist Wood made his debut on Dec. 11 in Wigmore Hall.

■ Winnipeg-born WILLIAM H. KIRK, Bandmaster of No. 418 Squadron, RCAF, has been named Conductor of Edmonton Symphony Orchestra.

■ Quebec City artist JEAN PAUL LEMIEUX won the $1,500 first prize in the painting contest of the Provincial Arts Contest, in which there were over 300 entries.

■ The art instructors of the University Art School, U of Manitoba, held an art show last month. A Winnipeg newspaper suggested that it was all a big hoax. But Director WILLIAM MCCLOY defended the 43 modern pictures, pointing out that there was nothing new either in the controversy or the actual paintings. Said RICHARD BOWMAN of the staff: "Take Paul Cézanne. His impressionist paintings at the turn of the century provoked exactly the same charges as the paintings of today."

■ Granby, Que., has formed a Symphonic Orchestra. Musical Director is MAURICE BERGERON, army band leader during the Second World War.

■ New Year's was quite an event for the boy choristers and gentlemen of St. George's Anglican Cathedral Choir of Kingston, Ont. Invited by the Bishop of New York, they sang in the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine. It is believed the first time a Canadian choir has sung in New York City. They were invited after reports of their reputation attracted the attention of music critics in the U.S. and the NY Cathedral's Canon came to Kingston to hear them The choir is directed by GEORGE N. MAYBEE.

■ Honoring a native Canadian who has been resident in the U.S.—was the State of Maryland. Canadian was DR. TOM CULLEN who was presented at a dinner in Baltimore with a certificate from the State of Maryland in appreciation of his "high sense of civic duty and active interest" in the world of medicine, and his many other interests. This proclamation of him as a "distinguished Marylander and outstanding citizen" brings to mind his biography by Canadian JUDITH ROBINSON, "Tom Cullen of Baltimore" (Oxford, 1949) and her November appearance in SATURDAY NIGHT with a chapter from her most recent book, "As We Came By" (Dent).

—NFB

"OPERA SCHOOL" is National Film Board movie making theatre circuit. Here are Marguerite Gignac and Douglas Scott in "The Marriage of Figaro" opera sequence.

■ In the church news last month, too, was St. Clement's Anglican Church in Winnipeg—celebrating its 90th anniversary.

■ Winner of the Citation of Merit of the Association of Canadian Industrial Designers (for the best work done by one of its members) was Torontonian JOHN ENSOR—with a telephone stand designed for hotel lobbies and stores.

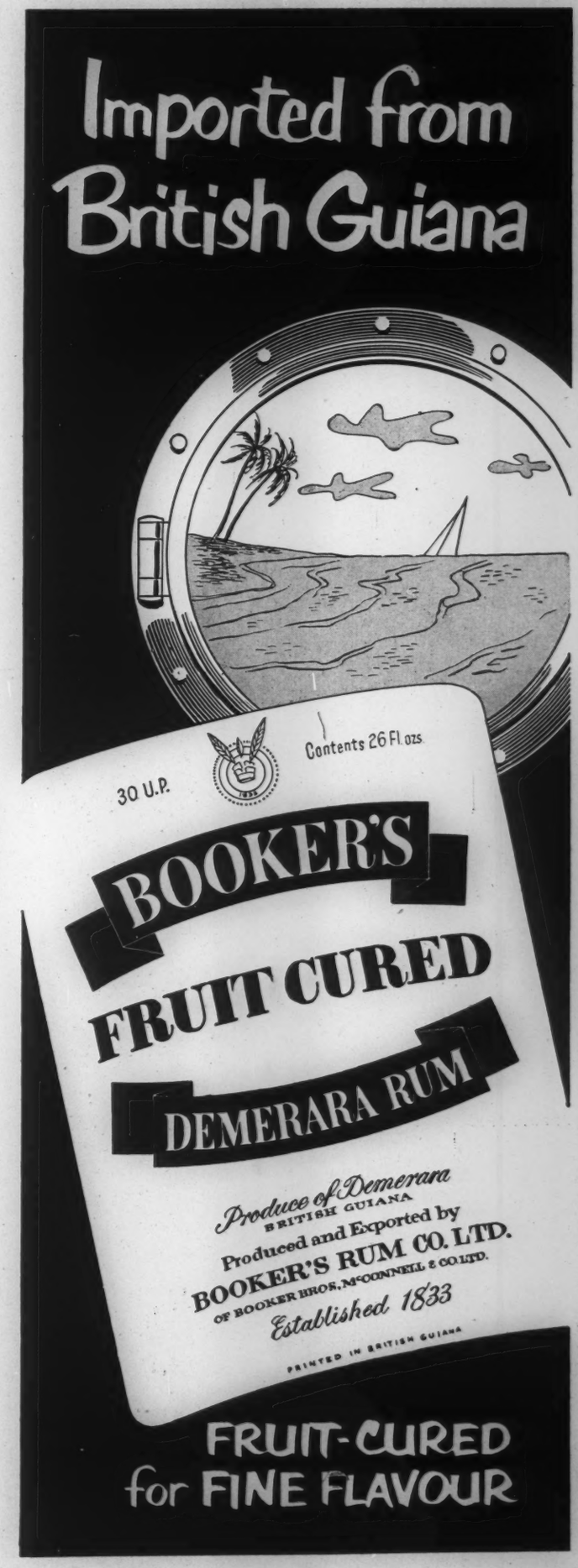
EDUCATION appointments of interest: PROFESSOR CHARLES E. HENDRY to the Directorship of the School of Social Work, University of Toronto. Ottawa-born Professor Hendry has pursued his studies and research throughout the world, and since his return to Canada in 1946 after 20 years in senior posts in the U.S., has been on the U of T's social work staff.

■ WALTER P. FERGUSON, Principal of Toronto's Danforth Technical School, was named President of the American Technical Education Association. This is the first time a Canadian has held this office in 15 years.

■ DR. A. E. MCKENZIE was elected Honorary Chairman of the Brandon (Man.) College Board of Directors in recognition of his many years of service to the College.

■ DR. D. J. KAYE, Professor at the University of Ottawa and President of Canadian section, American Association of Teachers of Slavic and East European Languages was honored with a fellowship diploma in the Ukrainian Free Academy of Science.

■ Another University paper has come under the Editorship of a woman. We've heard that women have taken over at the Universities of Toronto, Acadia and Mount Allison. Now the University of New Brunswick joins the ranks, with the first woman editor in the 84-year history of its weekly, *The Brunswickan*. She's BETTY LOU VINCENT of Fair Vale, third-year Arts.

■ New Deputy Minister of Public Health in Saskatchewan is DR. F. B. ROTH, who for the past two years has been Director of Hospital Administration. Ontario-born, Dr. Roth is a graduate of University of Western Ontario and practised medicine for 11 years in Whitehorse, YT. Later he took a course in hospital administration at University of Toronto.

■ An Edmontonian is the top driver of straight trucks. JACK MARTIN won top place in the fifth national truck roadeo held in Toronto. He's driven over practically every road in his Province.